May 9, 1950 25¢

HAITI

Christophe and Estimé

by Edmund Wilson

The Reporter

U. S. POLICY FOR PEACE

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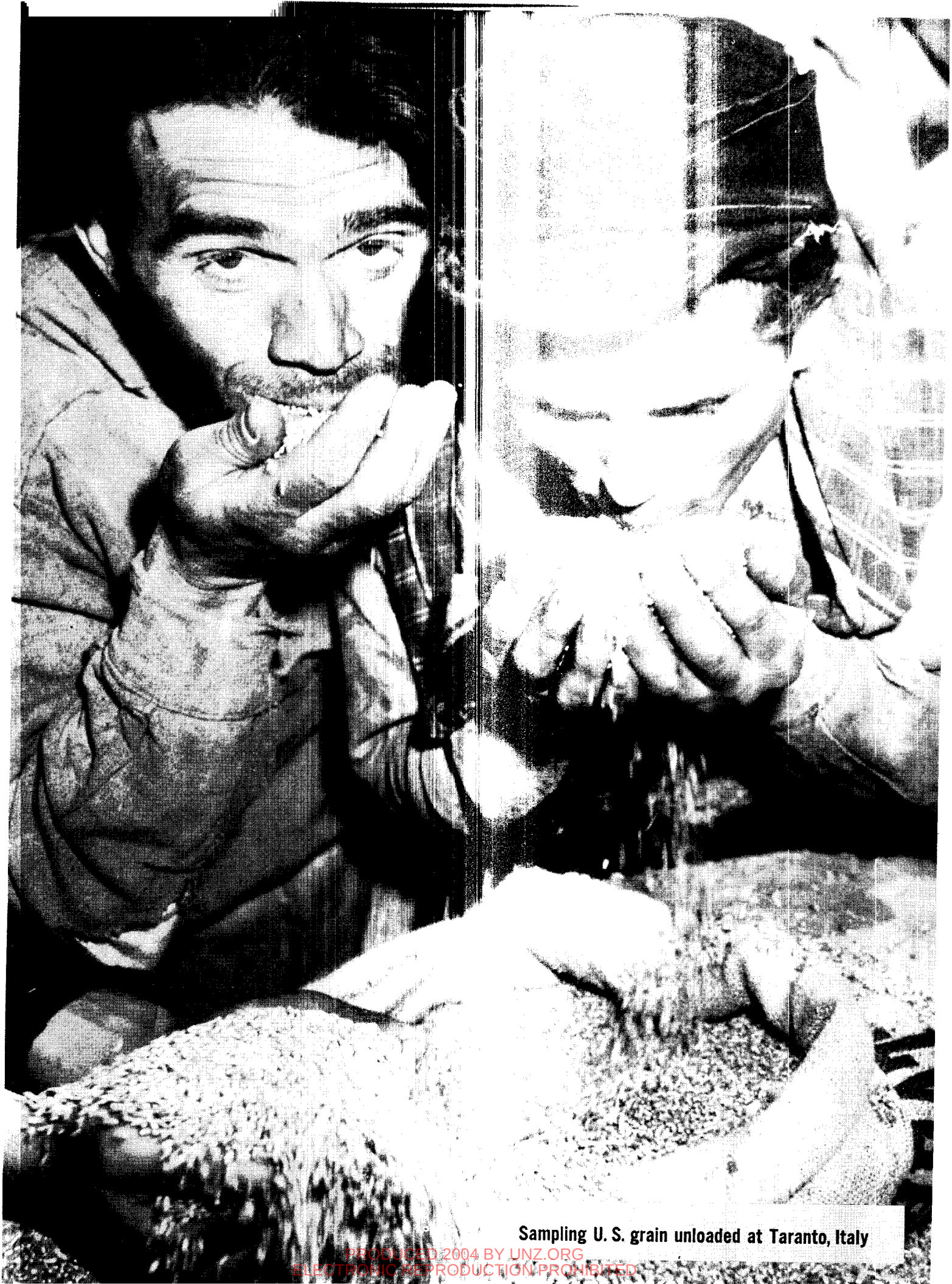

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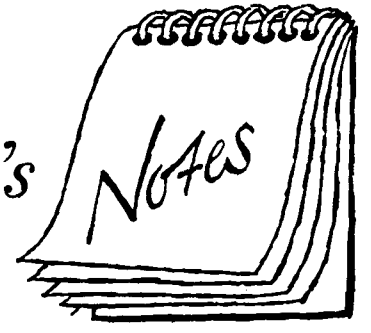
The Reporter's Notes



Total Diplomacy

"Total diplomacy," the new slogan of our government, is now becoming intelligible. It means global politics—politics based on the awareness that whatever we do in any section of the world, at home or abroad, has immediate repercussions all over the globe.

This illustrates the semantic difficulties of our age. The word "global" has been damaged by Henry Wallace and Claire Luce, and "politics" has never had a savory connotation. On the other hand, "total" reminds us of totalitarianism, and "diplomacy" of pussyfooting, not to mention striped pants.

Now that we know what it means, we of *The Reporter* discover that we have been for total diplomacy all along. However, we think that global politicians are needed—men who know how to play the game of politics on our round, tight, compact world.

'Ideas Can Be Dangerous'

We have on our desk an article clipped from the April 17 issue of *Time* magazine. We have read and reread it, for it is one of the most thought-provoking pieces of writing we have seen in a long time.

"Ideas Can Be Dangerous" is the title. Three men who for various reasons have been in the headlines are lumped together: Owen Lattimore, Frédéric Joliot-Curie, and John Strachey. All three are professional makers or explorers of ideas; all three are supposed to have used the power of their minds in a way that, according to the *Time* writers, turned out to be helpful to Soviet Russia:

"No fair-minded man would deny their right to their opinions, or the obligation of their fellow citizens to defend their right to voice them. But the legal right to be wrong had somehow gotten distorted into a lazy toleration that assumes all ideas to be created equal, part right, part wrong—and who is the man to try to judge between them? It was this soft public negligence about ideas that made wrong ideas dangerous."

The article ends: "It could be said with as much assurance as is ever brought to human affairs that Lattimore, Strachey and Joliot-Curie were not spies. The ideas of Lattimore, Strachey and Joliot-Curie were not the same, but anyone with a lively sense of danger in the free world could legitimately hold the opinion that the ideas of these three might be more dangerous than a carload of spies.

"The cure for dangerous ideas is not (as the Communists think) suppression. But neither is it the smug Western pretense that ideas do not matter much, anyhow."

This *Time* piece is based on a sound idea—that the capricious, catchy things called ideas can produce devastating results unless the men who handle them live up to exacting principles of moral responsibility.

It is a pity that the *Time* writers did not stop to think what effect *their* idea might have in this society of ours, at this time and place. There are disturbing, sometimes ugly, things going on. People are talking as if their tempers were getting short, as if they had no more patience with intellectuals. Seldom has a word like "professor" been pronounced by men in positions of authority with so much scorn.

The *Time* writers blandly bring out their thought in a magazine that goes to millions of readers; why should they worry if intellectuals are being thrown to the wolves? They had a nice little crack in their minds—that some intellectuals are worse than spies—and why should they have refrained from putting it into print?

Unsophisticated readers may reach the conclusion that all ideas are seditious and that there may be such a thing as guilt-because-of-brains, but why should *Time* care?

This lack of care is exactly what makes ideas potentially poisonous—the habit of stating what is wrong but not what is right; of formulating a thought and letting a crack go, and then leaving the readers to their own conclusions. "Lazy toleration" and "soft negligence" are never so dangerous and irresponsible as when they are applied to one's own ideas.

Or perhaps there are people who are deliberately irresponsible, and rather enjoy letting their truths or half-truths go out, loaded with innuendoes or insinuations. We don't know, and we like to assume that everybody is in good faith, until the contrary is proved.

On Thursday, April 13, *Time* ran a three-quarter-page ad in newspapers all over the country. "Their real story is in *TIME* this week . . . France's Joliot-Curie, Britain's Strachey, America's Owen Lattimore."

Our Anniversary

A year has passed since *The Reporter* made its first appearance on the newsstands. It was then an experiment, and we did not mind building a magazine for the public under the eyes of the public, feeling our way, until our readers made us realize that we had gotten off to a good start.

Now *The Reporter* is no longer an experiment. We know for whom we are writing—men and women, from every walk of life and every section of the country, who realize that America is in the business of world politics for keeps, and want to readjust their thinking accordingly.

We were always confident that such people existed, and we have gambled on this confidence. There are many of them, perhaps more than we ourselves can measure at this stage, for this is a new and growing magazine. In fact, we have just started.

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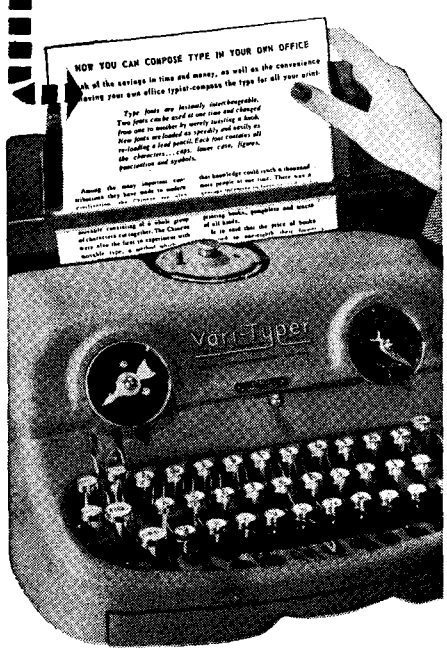

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Correspondence

Counter-Curran

To the Editor: The article entitled "Joe Curran: Seaman in Deep Water" carried in the March 28 issue is deserving of high praise. It shows an exceptional amount of insight into the situation and the problems facing the National Maritime Union, of which I am a member.

An indication of how hard this article hit is seen in the *NMU Pilot* editorial column. Under the title "The Reporter Whines" it attempts through vilification and inference to refute the facts presented for "Rank and File versus Joe Curran." Far from whining, the article dealt with understanding and regard for truth in its presentation.

The Committee for Democratic Unionism, mentioned as being "small, earnest, but leaderless," and offering the members of the NMU the only middle road, is growing steadily. However, the committee does not propose a way for just "middle-of-the-roaders." It is interested in all honest trade unionists in the NMU.

As for being leaderless: Many rank-and-filers who have long led the fight for democracy and against machine control are members of the CDU. Although the committee exposes itself to supposition concerning its size and leadership, it will continue to function without revealing the names of its members. Only in this manner can physical reprisals and expulsion be avoided.

Of course, Curran and his adherents know many of us for the active role we played in ousting the former Communist Party machine from office during the days of the Rank and File Caucus.

Miss Neikind is to be congratulated for an article well written.

EARL B. RUSSELL
New York City

Bouquets for Bingham

To the Editor: A friend of mine recently passed along his copy of *The Reporter*, issue of March 28, which I read with interest in the light of his high recommendation of the magazine. You might be interested in my reaction to your venture.

You state that the magazine is "a fortnightly reporter of facts and ideas." In line with this slogan, I was very much pleased with the factual reporting in the article "A Talk with Westbrook Pegler" by Robert K. Bingham; I felt it was a clear and objective piece of writing based on facts as observed by the writer. In contrast to this reaction, I felt that Joseph M. Jones's "An Offensive Against Atomic Insecurity" was an example of wishful daydreaming.

Your magazine is certainly an interesting undertaking and I will continue to read it with considerable interest.

P. E. CRAFTON
San Francisco, California

To the Editor: There are two great American pests today, worse than boll weevils or

Contributors

William H. Hessler, author of *Operation Survival,* is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . "A Speech to the Politburo," signed by "Comrade Dmitri," is the work of an expert on military affairs. . . . Harold N. Graves, Jr., writes from Washington, D. C., where he serves as correspondent for the Providence *Journal*. . . . Edmund Wilson, novelist, playwright, essayist, and critic, has recently returned from Haiti. . . . G. A. Knepflé has been a roving European correspondent for Aneta, the Dutch news agency. During the past year he has concentrated on Yugoslavian and Czechoslovakian affairs. . . . Douglas Brass, a New Zealander, won distinction as war correspondent for the Melbourne *Herald.* He reported the Italian campaign and was with the British in Palestine. Since the war he has covered many international conferences, including that held in Ceylon. He writes now from London. . . . Christopher Gerould has already published brief essays in *The Reporter*. . . . Miss C. A. Lejeune is film critic for the London *Observer*. . . . François Mauriac, member of the Académie Française, is one of the most prominent French novelists. His *God and Mammon* is perhaps the best known of his works in this country. Cover by Simon Greco; photographs from Black Star and Wide World.

The Editors

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corn borers and as irresponsible—columnists and commentators. No one on earth can be funny or interesting every day. Somebody ought to tell 'em. And "garrulous Mr. Pegler" should get down on his knees and thank you for not treating him, in the article by Robert Bingham, as he treats others.

EDWIN H. MCINTOSH
St. Petersburg, Florida

Six Months . . .

To the Editor: It is unfortunate that so much personal venom towards our government creeps into an article like that of Harold R. Isaacs, "A New Disaster in Asia?", in the April 11 issue of *The Reporter*.

It is immaterial to me whether the writer is personally biased or is merely uninformed as to the pattern of international Communist policy.

The five-year program of world domination by the Russians was outlined to the American Communist Party in early March, 1946. It has been apparent that the normal intelligence services of the government were incapable of understanding the thoroughness and the seriousness of the plans outlined. Only through government services trained in economics was the phrase "economic strangulation" made to appear real.

Newspaper editors, and military men in the field like Major General Keiser and General Marshall in China, were willing to throw away the Orient, give it to the Communists on a silver platter, because of the difficulties involved and the racial antagonism of certain highly placed individuals. That the Russians had a three-phase plan for world conquest was unbelievable and unmentionable—until practically too late. But it seems a crime against democracy that at this late date news agencies allow American correspondents to roam the world, damning (not just giving constructive criticism on) American efforts to leave a gate open through which democracy may eventually enter backward areas; ignorant of the fact that the five years in which Russia had planned to be ready for a surprise atomic attack against the United States runs out in around six months. Actual shooting war was to come when Communist governments in Asia could cut us off from raw materials and bases for counter-attack in Asia; when power was consolidated in Europe—where only in England were the Communists so weak that they could not disrupt the government and mobilization when the proper moment came.

We may need sharp criticism of certain business and governmental policies in foreign affairs, lest we build up the type of governments which give the poor no hope. But the wishy-washy, tepid policy of a group of editors trying to avoid making a policy needs no further support.

ARCHIE CARTER
Tacoma, Washington

[*The attention of Mr. Carter is called to Samuel G. Welles's article "Viet Nam—Roadblock to Communism" in our February 28 issue, which presented the opposite point of view, and to the letter of Lois Wesley in our March 28 issue criticizing us for printing* that.—*The Editors.*]

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

May 9, 1950 Volume 2, No. 10

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Editorial

The World Civil War

We are in the midst of a world civil war, launched by a remorseless enemy against all the institutions that give purpose and direction to the conduct of human affairs. Over the years, political and economic crises, wars and depressions, have been putting an increasing and sometimes unendurable stress on the ties that bind people into a democracy. Our enemies—at the same time the products and carriers of unrest—have become expert at shocking the nervous system of a democracy into a condition first of spasm, then of paralysis. They are confident that by tirelessly drumming up a sense of tension and danger, as they are trying to do in Berlin, they can make a civil population snap, and then even the bravest of men give in. When that moment comes, the Communists are ready to replace the complexities of democracy with the discipline of the herd.

This civil war is not a conflict of ideologies or of national interests. It is an attack by slaves—sometimes self-made slaves—on all men who, with various degrees of deliberation, want to exert a measure of control over their own destiny. In the East, our enemies are now enjoying an extraordinary opportunity: New nations as yet untrained to rule themselves are trying to adopt the pattern of free institutions that is sorely tested everywhere in the world.

International Communism, while holding political power in a cluster of nations, is agitating for civil war everywhere else in the world. That is why we in the West have had to reach the conclusion that peaceful coexistence with Soviet Russia is an extraordinarily difficult goal. For whatever peace settlement we might reach the Russian government would use against us in the world civil war. This is practically what Secretary Acheson has been saying in his recent speeches: that Soviet Russia erases with its left hand any signature it affixes with its right.

Incurable Lawbreakers

The Russian leaders cannot help breaking pacts. Like all other holders of power, they want to consolidate it and enjoy some peace. In fact, they have been trying to do it repeatedly. Having conquered a mostly agricultural nation, they first attempted to develop its economy according to the Marxist pattern: They tried to establish various types of controlled capitalism that were supposed to evolve into socialism. At the end of the last war, they tried—probably earnestly—to set up mixed economies in the nations of eastern Europe that were to become a meeting ground between East and West. But they cannot control themselves: Whenever they encounter difficulties that may give rise to opposing political programs and parties, they have to subject their people to purges, mass deportations, and murders. Actually, the Communist dictators are slaves themselves. The irresponsible, unchallengeable power they have extorted from their people does not allow them to be responsible contracting parties to international agreements.

After the devastation of the last war, the Russian Communists now need peace, but it is extremely doubtful whether they can afford to have peaceful relations with the world. They are following a runaway course, and it is difficult to imagine any man—even Stalin—putting on the brakes. The rulers of Soviet Russia could enter into constructive negotiations with the western world only if they accepted full responsibility for all their weapons of international civil war, and agreed to negotiate about their political as well as their military armaments. The acceptance of responsibility for international Communism would shake the foundations on which their power rests. This is their business. We cannot settle for less.

The American Posture

At this stage of the conflict the Communists know that only by destroying our country can they achieve world domination, but they also know that the Stalinist methods of subversion are of little use here. They must rely mainly on the spontaneous disruption of our economic and political structure which, according to the Marxist theory of history, is bound to come. In fact, ours is the only country that is left free to verify the Marxist laws of history—the excep-

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tion which should prove the inevitability of a process that nearly everywhere else Communism has had to set in motion deliberately through internal subversion and armed intervention.

The enemy has no choice but to trust us, alone among the people of the world, to bring about our own doom. He is waiting for our depression, he rejoices whenever he sees how easily, even without an effective Communist Party, we become prey to hysteria. He approves of our press when it conducts trial by headline, free from any statute of limitations and from any rule against multiple jeopardy. He is heartened whenever he sees how ready we are to pour our economic and military resources into every country in which he decides to start a civil war. And he is certainly grateful to the Americans who make up for the strong Communist Party we haven't got by mobilizing ghosts and robbing graves.

Our government is defending itself with a sort of shy, harassed, and sometimes belated wisdom. It has been working effectively to contain Russia and build up strength that Russia will have to acknowledge and respect. There is a more thorough understanding of public affairs now in our government, particularly in the State Department and in the great economic agencies like the ECA, a greater concentration of skillful, devoted people, than there was at any time during the last war. But the surprising thing is that our government leaders have been leery of publicizing the global pattern of our foreign policy. In this issue of *The Reporter*, Harold Graves shows how well-rounded and consistent this policy is becoming. The deeds of our government leaders seem to be wiser than their words.

It is strange and somewhat ominous that the Communists have taken it upon themselves to express the people's universal craving for peace. It is strange to see how many Americans still consider the conflict as a pure clash of power politics, and look either toward a crude division of the world or the establishment of a string of neutral states between our power and Russia's. Certain other people think that only the threat of war, if not war itself, could stop this paralyzing structural disease that is Communism.

We the People

The responsibility for the confusion and hesitancy inside and outside the government lies primarily with ourselves, the people. No government can successfully fight a civil war without the aroused and organized support of its citizens—certainly not a civil war of this kind, world-wide in scope. This is the crux of what Mr. Acheson said so compellingly to the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

We expect our government leaders not only to conduct the political affairs of the nation wisely, but to formulate the ideas, the beliefs, that should sustain our faith. We expect the men who, in our democratic society, have assumed some shreds of the kingly function of government to be philosopher-kings. We want them to be at the same time political philosophers, policy makers, and policy executives. We constantly ask for governmental or Presidential leadership. It is certainly the function of government to lead. But we had better decide what kind of leaders we want our statesmen to be: orchestra leaders or cheer leaders. Surely we can do something more than cheer or clap at inspiring orations.

We are in an infinitely better position to defend ourselves than any other nation, for, like the two world wars, the civil war on which our existence depends has not touched our soil. The attack can be thrown back once and forever only if we make the texture of our society more compact, the role of intelligence more deliberate, the discussion of issues more open. It can be won inside our western societies, rather than by throwing bombs on the miserable populations that Communism has enslaved.

Dollars Are Not Enough

At long last, the time for the people to do their part is coming. If, to close what is called the dollar gap, foreign products are to be thrown into the American market, many sections of our economy are going to be dislocated. It will hurt. Factories may have to be closed, people thrown out of their jobs; and local communities, trade unions, chambers of commerce, will have to pool their energies and inventiveness, to cushion the shocks and solve the problems of re-employment and retraining. Europeans will have to do the same thing, if, as another article in this issue of *The Reporter* points out, what is called integration is ever to approach reality.

Many lessons have been driven home to us in these last few years: first of all that the money given by the citizens to the Federal government, and spent by the government for defense or foreign relief, is not enough to defeat Communism. There are at least a billion people in the non-Communist world who need our assistance. Should we double the number of dollars we are now giving away, that still would only mean about three cents more a day for each of them—hardly enough to dissuade even the most wretched beggar from becoming a Communist. Even if we gave away everything we produce in a year, it would only amount to about sixty cents a day in goods for each person needing help.

The only gifts that will make any real difference are those whose effects are multiplied by the uses

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to which they are put—gifts that the receiving governments will utilize to make basic reforms in productive techniques or social organization so as to release the latent energies of their peoples. If we stipulate conditions of performance, however, they will have to be reciprocal: conditions that we demand and conditions that we are ready to live up to. We cannot ask the other nations to put their houses in order if in our own house we cringe behind tariff barriers and subsidized exports. We can give an example of how the people's productive energies may be released by letting every one of our citizens, no matter what his race, color, or creed, go as high as his intelligence and character can take him.

In the countries we undertake to help, we must show that we can put brakes on the development of industrialism, handle its wheels so that the least possible disruption of life is imposed on human beings. We must show that we can short-cut or by-pass stages of development, like colonialism or imperialism, that Marxism considers inevitable. To defend ourselves against Communism we must keep our economic system creative and resilient. A point can easily be reached where huge government expenses for armament, foreign assistance, and internal welfare can wreck the economic structure of the nation —something that the Russians would not dislike.

Practitioners of Freedom

We cannot ask our government to tell us what jobs we have to assume and what ideas we have to follow if we want to do our part in winning the civil war. Governments are not made to produce ideas, and when government spokesmen venture into that realm their statements are likely to be opaque and stilted. This is true even of such an exceptionally high-minded and cultured a man as Mr. Acheson when he defines a free society as one that "values the individual as an end in himself." The foreign individual who speaks English and has business contacts with Americans may be glad to be told that he is an end in himself, but the poor peasant in southern Italy is likely to think that Mr. Acheson, too, stopped at Eboli.

It is the function of our political thinkers to help the government by providing clear, ringing ideas that will give hope to our friends and put fear in the hearts of our enemies. In the same way, it is the function of our business and labor leaders to keep our economy not only viable but expanding and free. Efforts of this kind have been made in the past—by the Committee for Economic Development, for instance, in preparing the business community for the shock of reconversion to peace. Far more strenuous efforts now have to be made by all the productive forces of the nation, on both a community and a national level.

There are a large number of organizations in this country that provide our citizens with information on foreign, domestic, and economic affairs. They are doing good work. But it is most important not only to clarify the issues but to shape the policies on which the people can take a stand. It is imperative, for instance, in dealing with the nations on our side, to establish a sharp distinction between our allies and our co-belligerents. An aroused, informed public opinion can make it easier for our government representatives to limit their commitments toward régimes that can produce no other document of their worthiness than an anti-Communist affidavit. Our government leaders cannot easily keep up a name-calling contest with the Russians, but private groups can more freely undertake the job of denouncing Communist lies to the people of the whole world. Only private groups and individuals can actually show the spontaneous power of men and women united for freedom. We haven't much to gain by making sermons on freedom to the people of the world unless we back our propaganda and make it powerful by showing that we are skillful practitioners of freedom.

In this work that the people must do by themselves to support their government, a very great role can be played by the American press. The present situation is almost incredibly different from the one that prevailed between the two world wars, for we are no longer a spectator, but the protagonist nation. The business of the press at the present time is to provide something more than news and entertainment—promiscuous information or lonely "think pieces" sandwiched between bloated news and cheesecake. The American reader needs focal reporting on the basic issue of our day, which is victory in the world civil war. For the American press is the instrument of vision of the American people. Sometimes one is taken by the fear that the cataracts are coming down, and that the area of vision is being reduced and dimmed. The most popular media of the American press make so few demands on the memory of their readers as to become agents of national amnesia. We need memory, on the contrary, for we need to feel part of that tradition of freedom that has made our country and has given it its unique role in the present world.

Freedom is the patrimony of the people, and the government is only the instrument for the preservation of this patrimony. The business of defending freedom in this country and in the world is primarily the people's business. Only if we the people don't do our part will we lose this civil war. And only if we lose or are about to lose the civil war will the enemy make war on us. —Max Ascoli

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Our Strategic Umbrella

Today over half the world's nations are crowded under it. Is it worth what it costs, and can it protect them all?

Since the end of the Second World War, the United States has spent $24,463,000,000 in sundry ways on foreign aid. At the current rate, the United States is spending more than $13 billion a year on its military establishment—to hold a proper military posture in a feuding, fear-ridden world.

Taken together, our outlays for overseas aid and the armed forces form a great strategic umbrella, covering more than half the nations of the world. It is by all odds the most expensive umbrella ever raised. More nations would like to crowd under it, but there is no more room.

For the four years from 1948 through 1951, the bill will come to about $75 billion. The taxpayers of America are footing it by doing without many things they would enjoy and some things they need. Are we spending too much, or aren't we spending enough? No proper answer can be made until our goal is defined. We can protect the continental United States from invasion for a small fraction of what is currently being paid out for the military establishment. On the other hand, we could not "contain Russia" in the full sense of defending every area in the world open to Soviet pressure, even if we doubled and redoubled our military and foreign-aid budget. Our defense costs cannot be classified as extravagant, or reasonable, or niggardly, until we first decide what it is we can and must defend.

We have spent enough on the armed forces and overseas aid, evidently, to keep western Europe and the Dardanelles out of Communist control—but not enough to prevent the Soviet Union from extending Communist domination in the last five years to include one-third of the people on earth.

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In 1941, Communism was the governing ideology of 190 million people. Today it prevails over 720 million. Obviously, we cannot make the world over in our own political image simply with dollars. Nor can we hold it to a territorial status quo merely by spending a sufficient sum for arms and other purposes. Money talks, but not that loudly. There have been some areas, however, in which American power, money, and industrial skill have been decisive. There may be others.

With these difficulties in mind, it should be worth while to reappraise our defense expenditure and to search for some key to how much we can defend for what we spend. First let us look at what we are spending—in round numbers.

Estimated expenditure for the armed forces in the fiscal year 1950 is $13 billion. In the succeeding fiscal year it may go up as much as half a billion. Defense takes up almost a third of our budget. Of this vast sum, about forty per cent goes for actual combat strength. We probably have enough naval power in readiness to ensure initial command of the seas, and back of this a mothball fleet of greater dimensions—although we still may lack the weapons for dealing efficiently with enemy submarines. We have an impressive long-range strategic air force. It is built around an airplane untried in battle and open to diverse judgments, but clearly it is a bombardment force of first rank. On the ground, we have an army of only ten combat divisions, all below war strength. It looks absurdly small alongside Russia's 175 combat divisions, but this is a misleading comparison.

In return for this enormous annual sum, we are getting relatively little combat power in full readiness, but there are good reasons why. First, we are developing new weapons and maintaining cadres of trained men to leaven a wartime force. Second, we are keeping up the logistical and service forces to do a global job if we again become the granary and arsenal of a great coalition. Finally, we are putting a great deal into the production of costly arms that represent long-range striking power by sea and air.

Strictly military outlays are not the whole expense story. In fiscal 1950, we are spending an estimated $5 billion for international recovery and relief. That will drop off somewhat in fiscal 1951. This year we are spending $355 million for foreign *military* assistance. That will almost double in the fiscal year 1951, when the Military Assistance Program is in full swing. For longer-range investment, to develop the resources of various friendly countries, we have been spending about $80 million a year—a figure that may mount considerably. Rehabilitation of the Philippines is costing about $220 million this year. Congress recently allotted more than $100 million for nonmilitary aid to South Korea and Formosa—which we may be able to spend before those tottering bastions fall. The Export-Import Bank has earmarked $100 million for Indonesia.

When we tally up, we find that close to half of our burdensome Federal expenditure goes for our own military establishment and for aid to our friends and allies around the world. The general purpose of this enormous outlay is to maintain our own security and freedom—by maintaining our own military posture and by bolstering those peoples whose continued freedom is essential to our survival.

Our commitments reflect this strategy. Under the Truman Doctrine, we have extended large-scale military and economic aid to Turkey and Greece. This is backed up by an implied commitment to go to war, if necessary, to prevent their subjugation by the Soviet Union. Under the Pact of Rio, we are committed to join forces with any American republic which may be attacked or threatened. That covers a continent. By treaty with Canada, we have made its safety our responsibility. We have again pledged ourselves to defend the Philippines—this time, we may hope, with a better chance and a better will to live up to our promise than we had in 1941.

In an interdependent world community, victors in war also acquire far-reaching obligations to protect, defend, and support the peoples they vanquish. So we are committed to defend western Germany, much of Austria, the Trieste territory, all of Japan, and perhaps one half of Korea. Ironic though it may seem, these obligations to defend recent enemies are just as grave and urgent as the others. More lately, and with more advertising, we have agreed to go to the aid of the European signatories of the North Atlantic Pact. Thus, almost the whole of western Europe has been gathered into the sprawling expanse to which we owe military responsibility.

We have thirty-six allies altogether (not including Turkey or Greece, to which our commitment is not hard and fast). Three dozen countries, with a total population of nearly five hundred million, have huddled under the star-spangled umbrella. After a century and a half of isolation, of freedom from entangling alliances, we have suddenly become the most entangled country in the world.

This cursory canvass of our global commitments has been limited to *actual military obligations.* These are the areas that we have promised to help with military force.

Meanwhile, we have shouldered another set of burdens—obligations to give economic assistance. This is not a matter of unalloyed altruism. It is largely an extension of, or supplement to, our military commitments. It is an attempt to keep additional areas free from Soviet control, by rebuilding their productivity and raising their purchasing power and living standards.

When areas covered by our nonmilitary obligations also are shaded in, the world map fills up quickly. There is no continent, no significant region anywhere, that does not have America's current bounty or its promise of protection or both—outside the Soviet world itself.

American foreign policy, in the spring of 1950, has been under more intense criticism than at any time since the battle over the League of Nations during Woodrow Wilson's second term.

Two more specific questions come up: First, are we trying to defend too much? And if so, by what tests do we decide which commitments we can assume? Second, are we putting our defense dollars into those arms and weapons that will count for the most in the defense of our prime commitments?

The question of what to defend is partly answered by observing what has proved defensible. We have helped immensely to put western Europe firmly into the scales on our side. We have used money and surplus goods to advantage in confirming the alignment

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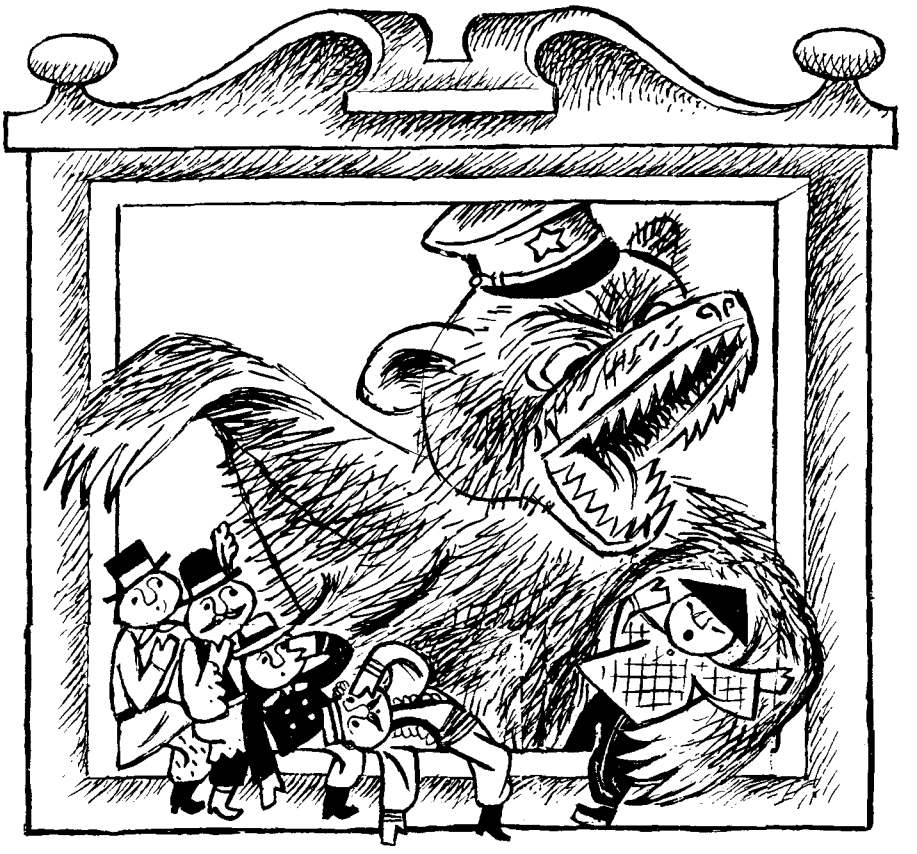
of a dozen democratic peoples with ourselves. But we have nothing to show for the millions poured into China, and no certainty that we shall reap dividends on the millions we are allotting to South Korea, Indonesia, and the Philippines. It is one thing to lend a hand to peoples already wedded to democracy—peoples intent on keeping their freedom, who sense what is at stake. It is something else to feed money or goods or arms into the baffling turmoil of the Orient, vaguely hoping our mite will shift the axis of a vast social revolution involving hundreds of millions of people. We could no more stay the gigantic forces at work in the Chinese Revolution of 1949 than we could halt the Communist Revolution in Russia some thirty years before.



The record indicates that we can play a decisive role in much of Europe, but cannot do the same in Asia, even if we put more chips on the table. For the most part, our military commitments reflect this. The reason lies partly in the fact already noted—that the peoples of western Europe are democratic, are consciously with us in alignment against the U.S.S.R. In addition, it is well-nigh impossible, by the means at hand, appreciably to lift the living standards of the overpopulated countries of the East. Moreover, the shore of Asia is twice as far from our ports as is the shore of Europe.

Finally, it is immensely more important to defend western Europe than any portion of Asia, for if it becomes necessary we can face up to a Soviet world embracing Russia and China, or even Russia and all the Far East. But we could not match the power of a Soviet Eurasia, with all the resources of the U.S.S.R., plus the skills, productive facilities, and geographic position of western Europe.

Although greatly abused for doing so, the State Department has held to this realistic distinction between our major stake in Europe and our secondary stake in the Far East. In pursuit of this politically vulnerable but strategically sound policy, the areas of American military responsibility have been quite well defined. They are western Europe, the Western Hemisphere, and most of the island areas from Japan southward to the Philippines. To these, Greece and Turkey must be added from sheer strategic necessity. Such are the areas we *must* defend, because without any one of them we would gravely imperil our own national security. Those positions embrace most of the real power—military, industrial, and technological—in today's world, except for that of the U.S.S.R.

Our enormous umbrella of commitments now shelters most of the peoples who understand democratic freedom, who have governments of their own choosing, and who can be counted on to act firmly against a Soviet threat. They have what Secretary Acheson calls the "other components," the solidarity and the will to freedom that we cannot supply in a package; and so they are good risks for an America which must weigh calmly every application for credit.

Finally, all these areas are accessible. We can support them by sea. They lie within the strategic orbit of the United States while it continues to command the oceans. There is a fair chance that we can give them substantial protection with the forces a thirteen-billion-dollar budget will allow. Beyond those limits, on the mainland of Asia or in central Europe, we shall have to be extremely cautious in making any new commitments, military or political. We cannot stretch the umbrella much farther, even with the patch that Representative Carl Vinson proposes to put on it, at a cost of $583 million, for new air power. Ours should be forces which, added to the effective forces of our allies, will assure not only the ultimate defeat of our chief prospective enemy but the defense of all the peoples and areas covered by our commitments as well.

Even with our current military budget, that is not easy. If war should come, it will be above all a struggle for control of western Europe, which has the material and human resources, and especially the industrial capacity, the Politburocrats covet so intensely. If our $13.5 billion is spent for weapons and forces to hold off the Red Army and to maintain a steady, systematic bombardment of Soviet centers, it should do the job—with money left over for the purely defensive task of protecting North America against bombing raids. We must, of course, maintain enough sea power to ensure our ability to supply our allies, protect our overseas bases, cover our access to sources of seaborne raw materials, and safely

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move our own troops and supplies into overseas theaters of war. The western powers are a sprawling coalition, linked by oceans. The strength of that coalition rests on our certain command of the sea. That is why the Navy's anti-submarine-warfare program requires increased emphasis and more funds.

To support our allies, we must be prepared to land troops at sundry places. And that calls for tactical air power—fighter planes to establish command of the air at and behind the points of landing. In the present state of military technology, that means carrier-based air power. Yet this has been cut back drastically in the name of economy. To man its air arm, the Navy has been training fliers at the rate of 2,600 a year, and training them exceedingly well. But after the cutbacks in the fleet, there are no billets for the newly trained fliers, so they are resigning in droves, or going to inactive duty —where their skills atrophy and their fitness wanes.

To wage the sort of war we must anticipate, we also shall have to support pockets of resistance throughout Europe with ground forces of great firepower and mobility. But our ground forces have been pinched to save money for giant bombers and atomic bombs. The arms best suited to the support of our European allies have been held down in the quest for a global force to serve a strategy of annihilation.

If we lay out most of our billions for fancy, high-priced weapons of mass destruction, we are likely to wind up on M-Day with some deadly playthings that can lay waste a good many cities but cannot keep the Red Army from taking and keeping the continent of Europe.

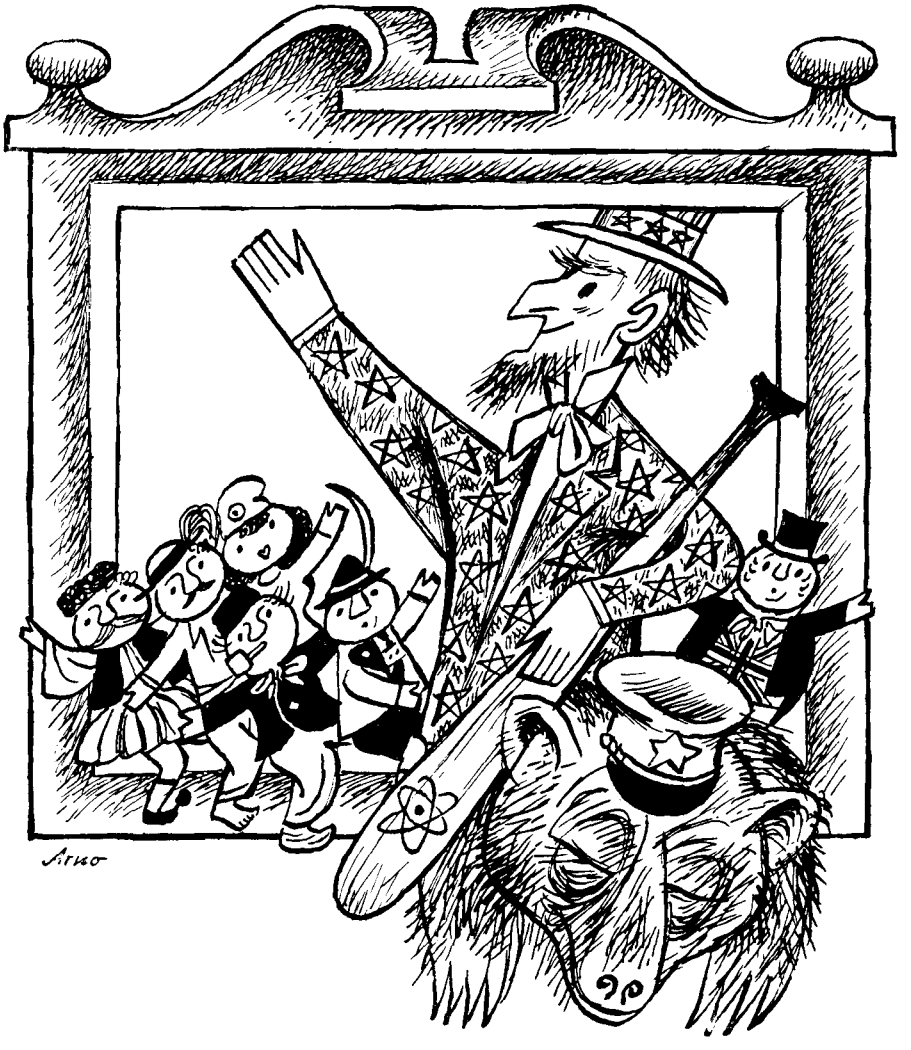
It is cold comfort for the Dutch, the French, the Belgians, and the Norwegians to know that America has the means of spreading desolation among the cities of the U.S.S.R. These peoples are more concerned with avoiding the occupation and spoliation of their own lands. They are destined by geography to take the brunt of any attack, and therefore to serve as a shield for the United States. They accept that much as bitter fact, but they are increasingly restive in their exposed positions as they come to see that the United States is not so much preparing to help *defend* them as to *avenge* them after they have been despoiled.

To be sure, the North Atlantic Alliance and the collateral Military Assistance Program are going to help. The defense plan approved at The Hague in March assigns the main responsibility for ground forces and close air support to the European members, and leaves to the United States the main burden of strategic air bombardment and sea warfare. To the extent that the Europeans ready themselves for effective resistance to the Red Army, the United States can allow itself the luxury of a more specialized military establishment—chiefly long-range sea and air weapons. For the immediate future, however, and for some years to come, western Europe remains an area of military weakness, a ward of American military power. Like it or not, the United States remains committed to the defense of those ten nations and also of twenty-six others.

This is the basic reason why the Truman-Johnson military budget is under fire. It entails grievous cutbacks in the arms best calculated to enable us to live up to our commitments. It does not provide the sort of war machine that is logically required by our political foreign policy. Although it is not often formulated as such, the criticism of the Administration's military budget is in fact a protest against a faulty and dangerous concept of war. Following a strategy of annihilation, we have disdained the imperatives of our own foreign policy and ignored the pledges that we have given to three dozen countries.

We shall deceive ourselves *and* our allies if we do not re-examine and, if necessary, modify our military policy and our military establishment. As long as the American umbrella is so costly, we must make certain that it will shed water when the storm comes.

—William H. Hessler



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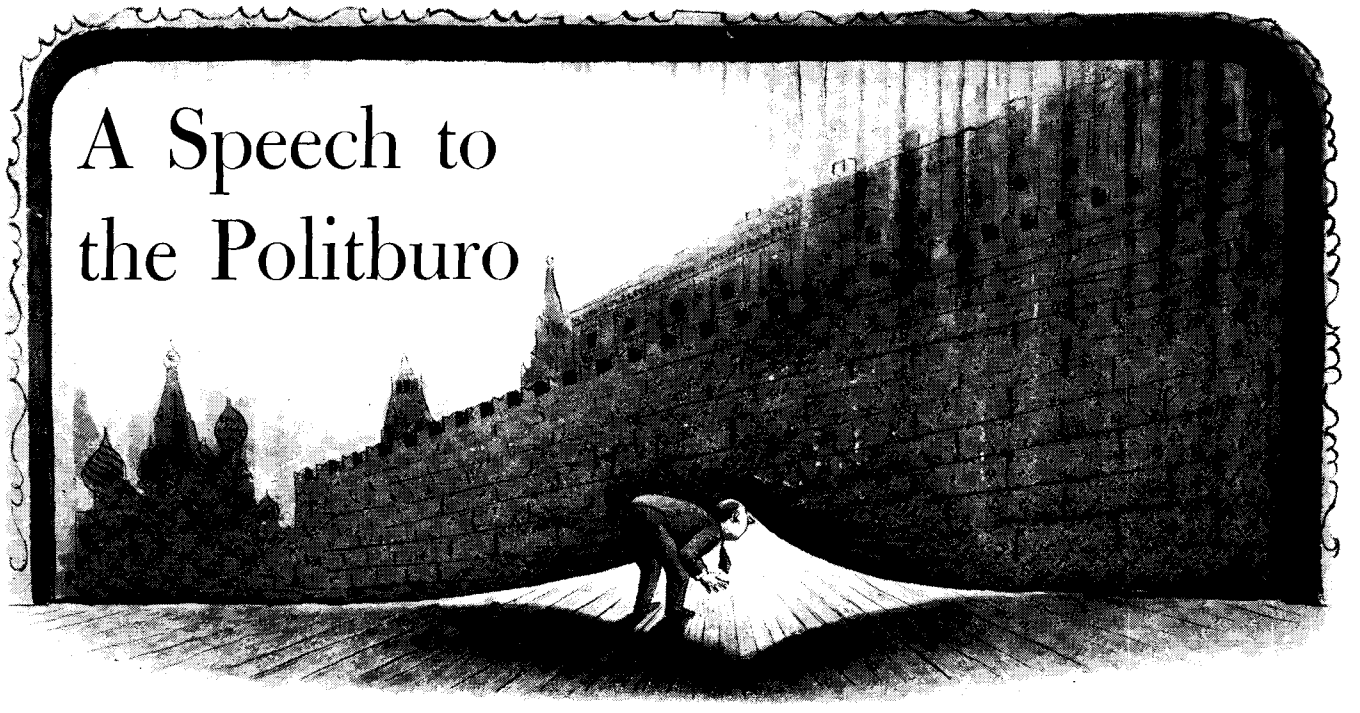
A Speech to the Politburo



EDITOR'S NOTE: *We cannot guarantee that this address was ever made to the Politburo. All we can say is that it very well might have been.*

Comrades, fellow members of the Politburo!

There is much that we can gain from a comprehensive and exact analysis of the global situation—both a sense of satisfaction at what we have accomplished and an understanding of the dangers ahead. Our accomplishments have been great indeed—although we must admit that part of the credit must go to the foolishness of our opponents.

We are gaining in general industrial potential and have atomic weapons. We are far ahead of them in our preparations to withstand, if necessary, even the heaviest aerial attacks.

For four and a half years our enemies have been getting more and more alarmed about the horrors of atomic warfare, but they have done next to nothing about protecting themselves. A few key factories have been moved inland—but others, no less vital, have promptly been set up on those sites. Our enemies have not even informed the civilians who are to be defended from atomic attack of any nation-wide plan for civil defense. Very likely, no such plan exists. The broad question of the systematic reorganization of the country for maximum survival in the atomic age has not been touched upon.

Their argument is that all of this would cost them too much—as if the heaviest expenditures would not be far outweighed by the losses they would suffer from heavy atomic bombardment.

Actually, Comrades, the reason why our enemies have not tackled the problem of reorganization for atomic survival is not the cost; it is that they simply cannot face up to it. We, during our Great Patriotic War, could evacuate some two-fifths of our entire industrial equipment thousands of miles away because we have a socialist economy. With us, what counts is effective production, no matter where it takes place, whether in the basin of the Don, or in the Urals, or in central Siberia. But how could our enemies, with their anarchy of private interests, suddenly redistribute *their* key industries? First of all, they would never be able to agree on a plan until it was too late. They could not do this, because any plan would shake one of the foundations of their socioeconomic system: real-estate values. In the mad scramble, land values would crash down in the evacuated cities and soar in the new centers. How could they carry out such an unbelievably complex operation? It would require complete, centralized control of the entire economy over a period of decades. It would inevitably provoke such unprecedented accusations of favoritism, graft, and corruption that the whole scheme would explode before it had been even half executed.

What they cannot even plan, we have done. In fact, we started long before anybody dreamed of the atomic bomb, in anticipation of precisely such an attack as the Hitlerite hordes launched against us in 1941. We do not have to fear that kind of attack again. Even if all our enemies pooled their manpower, they would not have the forces to carry it through. But we have seen in Germany and Japan what long-range strategic bombardment can do—and although our present enemies seem to disagree about the effectiveness of strategic air power, we have thought it better not to take any chances whatever.

So, since the end of the Great Patriotic War, we have put more and more emphasis on the systematic reorganization and decentralization of our economic units. Today, roughly half of our production of essential raw materials and industrial goods is concentrated in the innermost zone of our Soviet Union—between the Urals in the west and Lake Baikal in the east. Not in one center, but in a series of industrial complexes: Sverdlovsk and Magnitogorsk in the Urals; the ore mines around Novo-

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sibirsk and Stalinsk in central Siberia; the huge coalfields of Karaganda and the new east-Siberian center west of Lake Baikal; the oil of Minusinsk and the uranium mines in the foothills of the Sayan Mountains; industrial western Turkestan, with Tashkent, Samarkand, Frunze, and Stalinabad.

At the same time we have, at last, been able to proceed rapidly in strengthening the weakest link in our economic system: our railroad network. In 1941, with our rivers and canals icebound in winter, and our roads mudbound in autumn and spring, that weakness nearly proved fatal. Now that we are in danger from long-range bombardment, the consolidation of the rail network has become even more imperative, for our many bridges and tunnels are highly vulnerable targets. Thus, under the Five-Year Plan of 1946-1951, we have concentrated one-sixth of our industrial effort on transport—the construction of important new lines, particularly in western Siberia and central Asia, the double-tracking of a number of vital lines, including the Trans-Siberian, and, above all, the building of more concrete bridges.

Even with this considerable strengthening, our railway network may conceivably break down under the concentrated blows of our enemies. To supplement it we have devoted the greater part of our rapidly rising aircraft production to a powerful continent-wide system of air transportation capable of assuring, under almost all circumstances, at least minimum contact between our various regions.

So much for the material side of our preparations. But, Comrades, the problem of effective resistance to air bombardment, as the last war has shown, is not only material. It is also a question of nerves. That is why, from the first news of our enemies' possession of weapons superior to any we had or perhaps were likely to have in the foreseeable future, we have kept our people's nerves calm by deliberately playing down the significance and the effect of atomic weapons. We have done this despite the calculated risk that it would tend to increase the initial shock of an atomic attack, for we have believed this to be a lesser evil than the chronic, hyper hysterical atomic neurosis into which our enemies have been thrown by their bewildered experts.

So far, so good. Unfortunately, Comrades, this is not the whole story. We do not know whether all these material and psychological preparations will, in fact, enable us to sustain and survive the utmost fury of aerial bombardment which our enemies may be able to bring to bear upon our heads. For there is another side to the picture, which we must examine calmly and realistically, though it is far from encouraging.

Through the liberation of eastern European and Chinese peoples, we are incomparably stronger today than we were in 1939 or 1941. In population, our bloc has increased from about 190 to over 720 million souls. But we have lost, to a large extent, the possibility of playing off one group of our capitalist enemies against the other—an advantage we had in the first two most dangerous decades of our revolutionary experiment—and to which, in truth, we have owed our salvation on more than one critical occasion.

Secondly, although in absolute terms we are infinitely stronger than we were ten years ago, we are still far from matching the potential strength of our opponents. I have just mentioned our achievements in enlarging the Soviet world. These seem formidable to our opponents, who are fascinated and terrified by the figure—720 million. But to us, many of these new hundreds of millions represent a burden and, most certainly, a risk. We are aware how difficult it is to implant our Marxist-Leninist Communism in a country like China, which has never known the degree of unity which our own country reached under the Tsars. We were able rapidly to build "socialism in one country" and to defend it during the war because of the patri-

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otism and traditional obedience of our people. But it will take Comrade Mao some time to make China a Communist nation. Our stupid opponents in the West hope that China may become another Yugoslavia. There is no danger of that. But there is a very real danger which we know all too well, and that is that Communism may bog down in China, just as every attempt by a foreign power to organize China has bogged down.

Nor are the liberated populations of our People's Republics entirely reliable. Within the walls of this room, we can and must admit that in those areas we are facing very real problems. Our Russian armies of occupation, the mass exchange of populations, the naturalization of key Soviet citizens in the various countries, their appointment to strategic positions—all of these devices have lessened our difficulties in one way, but they may also have aggravated them in another, since they have offended the patriotism of the people involved.

We are left with the roughly 200 million citizens of our Soviet Union as a fairly reliable core. I say "fairly" deliberately. It is true that our grip on our people is stronger than ever before—because of our purges of individuals who trafficked with the Hitlerite invaders, and the transplantation of whole groups into the interior. I do not believe that we shall ever have to fear a recurrence of the situation in 1941, when three-fourths of the peoples in our invaded territories were ready to join Hitler—if only he had been smart enough to let them. Today, our population can be described as well under control. But, underneath this control, the agents of our internal information system report weariness, apathy, and sullen, though inarticulate, resistance. Not an opposition by any means, but perhaps it can spark into one. We have learned, of course, that the endurance of our people may have limits. We have done the best we could under the present Five-Year Plan to alleviate the shortages of houses and consumer goods. But the urgent necessity of pushing ahead with the development of our industrial bases makes it impossible for us to throw more than a sop to the masses.

Unfortunately, Comrades, dialectical materialism does not respect even a Marxist community. We can understand its laws, but not alter them, even when they work against us. From the first day of our Revolution, we have been caught in the dialectical contradiction between improvement of our living standards and economic rearmament, and, in the latter problem, between expansion of our industry and improvement of our transport. We have had to make choices that may not endear us to the more ignorant sections of our population. The dialectic process, too, has brought us into inevitable difficulties in the consolidation of the People's Democracies into a unified socialist bloc. We find that every step we take to consolidate our control of allies arouses resistance which forces us to take steps far beyond what we originally had planned. We can never really know on whom we can rely—even in the case of veteran members of our party.

But, Comrades, again we come to a dialectical turning point in our analysis. Our strength is our thesis, our weakness compared to the enemy the antithesis. What now of the synthesis, the balance sheet? I think, Comrades,

that balance sheet is far from depressing. The forces that our enemies could conceivably concentrate against us exist only in the abstract. In practice, the western powers have shown themselves incapable of concentrating their potential superiority against us.

First, they are not even remotely as cohesive as they appear from our side. True, they have combined to vote against us in the United Nations, but that is about as far as their unanimity goes. For all other practical purposes, the countries menaced, immediately or potentially, by our Revolution have no united front—only a confused multitude of groups and grouplets.

They are united only against us. They will not fight each other, but they are unlikely to take any of the concerted action that their fear of us demands.

And these apprehensions—that is the second point—have nothing of the hard, clear firmness of our purpose. Our enemies can't help recognizing the way in which we menace them and starting to do something about it. But they would rather talk than act. Always, at the backs of their minds, they continue to hope that things really can't be so bad, that there is a way to avoid that inexorable decision between them and us. Their hysterical preoccupation with the horrors of atomic warfare, which they themselves have brought into the world and feel guilty about, confounds their confusion still further. "The problem of an atomic war must not be confused by minor problems, such as that of Communism versus capitalism," one of their shining lights proclaimed only a few days ago.

They are divided. With one eye, they watch for new threats from us. (In a way, they wish for new threats, for that is the only way they can achieve even a degree of cohesion.) With the other, they watch for signs that we are willing to talk things over and be good.

How can our enemies build up a really comprehensive, consistent, effective strategy on such uncertain foundations? We ourselves have not found building a strategy any too easy. We have made our share of miscalculations. We have suffered from the blunders of incautious underlings. We have had unpleasant setbacks: in Azerbaijan, Greece and Turkey, Berlin, not to speak of Yugoslavia. More than once we have had to extricate ourselves from an untenable position by a strategic withdrawal or an abrupt switch in our line, which it has not always been easy, or even possible, to conceal. But, with all these errors and weaknesses, we have had, by and large, an over-all strategy, and, in recent months, an uninterrupted series of successes.

Our enemies to this day have none. After nearly four years, they still think, and act, piecemeal, from day to day.

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They feel our pressure in one place. They concentrate their thoughts and efforts upon stopping us there. They throw in all they have, as in the Berlin airlift, without any consideration of the cost, without any thought of the overall situation, or of the future. Then, when they have succeeded in temporarily checking us, they believe they have won a decisive victory. So they relax, or even start to pull out.

Moreover, in their ignorance of dialectical materialism, they try to exert all their pressure on the economic problem, disregarding the political one. The Americans have the power of life and death over the nations they control, but they are making extremely little use of it.

Preoccupied with western Europe, they are taken by surprise in China. They are so bowled over that they start hurling accusations at each other; now, on *that* side of the globe, they are ready to rush headlong to the support of any area we may choose to put pressure on, without troubling to think whether it is worth their while or not.

And if perchance they should gradually begin to learn something from their mistakes, and start to organize a somewhat more coherent policy, we can always safely count upon the assistance of our most reliable allies, the super-patriots: French super-patriots who shudder at strengthening Germany; German super-patriots out to blackmail both ourselves and the Americans; British super-patriots, suspicious of "those damned Continentals," and deeply resentful of their dependence on the Americans; American super-patriots, convinced that all Europeans are playing them for suckers, yet ready to pour a senseless subsidy down some highly popular Far Eastern rathole or ready and happy to discredit their government and disrupt its operation. We do not even need to prompt or bribe all of these most honorable gentlemen. They will do our work much better than all our devoted comrades and paid hirelings together.

In contrast to the weaknesses of our enemy, so apparent to the world, is the strength we always evince. The isolation we have imposed on the people on our side—what our enemies call the Iron Curtain—is working well indeed, for it hides our weaknesses and arouses greater and greater fear.

—Comrade Dmitri

Integration—No Cure-All

European economic union poses some big problems in internal dislocations and U. S. buying habits

From Caesar's day onward, Europeans have dreamed of the unification of Europe, and today the vision is more vivid than ever. This time, however, its strongest advocates are to be found not in Europe but in Washington, and the stress is on economic, not political, union. With the backing of the whole Administration and most of Congress, Paul Hoffman, chief of the Economic Co-operation Administration, has been insisting that the western European nations drop trade barriers and create a large free market very much like that in the United States.

On the surface, the merits of "integration," to use Mr. Hoffman's word, are obvious. It would make it possible to move goods from Portugal to Sweden, or from England to Italy, as easily as from Maine to California. Efficient producers would be able to expand and serve larger markets, while inefficient ones would have to become efficient or be crowded out. In time, surplus industrial facilities would be eliminated. Instead of a dozen separate steel industries of varying efficiency in a dozen countries, for example, there would be perhaps three or four large and efficient enough to produce for all Europe. Production costs would come down, and the whole continent would obviously benefit.

Economic union would also lead to a far greater degree of political unity. Today all sixteen ECA countries are waging trade war on their neighbors. The economic policy of each is designed to take care of its immediate needs first—at the expense, if necessary, of the rest of the continent. Thus Britain charges its continental neighbors a much higher price for coal than it charges at home. The French exclude Italian fruit beyond a stipulated amount, and the Italians, in turn, do the same to French steel. All the other nations follow similar tactics. Economic conflicts such as these have been at the root of many of western Europe's past political differences, and have helped bring on two world wars. With economic union, the traditional pattern of offense, retaliation, and counter-retaliation would gradually disappear.

Great as the advantages of European economic union would be, Americans undoubtedly exaggerate them. Since 1945, the public has considered foreign aid largely as a panacea for Europe's economic ills. First it was the Bretton Woods agreements and the British loan that were to set not only Europe but the whole world to rights by restoring convertibility of currencies and the prewar system of settling international balances. Then the Marshall Plan was advanced in many quarters as a cure-all. More recently, the devaluation of currencies was the recommended medicine, and now it is economic union of Europe. Even though our traditional isolationism is all but dead, we have not yet given up looking for a magic formula by which we could retire gracefully from the responsibility of serving as the main prop of the world economy.

Such a panacea, as most economists and students of world affairs know, is a delusion. The two world wars and the concentration in this country of almost half the world's productive capacity have put the United States in Europe's economic affairs to stay. As for integration, it presents obstacles that will take years to surmount. But if they are not

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surmounted, and if the process of integration is abandoned at some midway point, the results could be worse than if nothing at all had been attempted. In any case, even a wholly successful integration would not by itself make western Europe self-supporting at an acceptable standard of living, as Mr. Hoffman has pointed out in several speeches which, unfortunately, have received a good deal less publicity than his integration proposals. Even if integrated, western Europe would still depend on the United States for many of its basic needs and to maintain a prosperous world economy in which Europeans could earn their own way.

The difficulties in the path of economic union are not confined to old animosities or even to the illogical reluctance of western European nations to give up their habits of economic feuding. In Europe, as in the United States, major shifts in economic policy must have some relation not only to what the people think they want, but also to what the more powerful economic groups know *they* want.

Unfortunately, the measures needed to bring about economic union will have immediate, painful effects on articulate and powerful groups, while the benefits of union are diffuse; as far as the public knows, highly suppositious; and in any event will be slow in coming. This means that it will take years to prepare the European people for economic union in all its implications. To realize the political repercussions that would be faced by a European Premier who advocated a rapid, thoroughgoing liberalization of trade, one has only to picture an American President advocating the simultaneous drastic reduction of all tariffs, and all Federal subsidies to agriculture, shipping, and airlines. As far as economics alone is concerned, the time for union may be right now, but in terms of politics it will take not one year, but ten, to get even close to it.

In Italy, for example, the first casualties of economic union would probably include the shipbuilding and steel industries, which would be driven to the wall by competition from Germany, Britain, France, and other countries that have cheaper sources of raw materials. These industries also happen to be hotbeds of worker unrest and Communist agitation. It could be argued that Italian losses in those sectors would be offset under an economic union by the benefits to Italian agriculture, which would have an expanded market. But steelworkers and shipbuilders will not turn into orange pickers or food processors overnight. The transition to other occupations would, at best, be painful, and would cause further opposition to a government that is already confronted by the largest Communist Party in western Europe. Under the circumstances, the immediate removal of trade barriers protecting the Italian steel and shipbuilding industries cannot be expected; the best that can be looked for is a gradual reduction over a period of years.

As for the United Kingdom, of all the ECA nations the least enthusiastic about integration, economic union threatens its favored position as the hub of the British Empire—a position far more beneficial economically than participation in any possible union of Europe. One of the first steps Mr. Hoffman proposes is to make European currencies more widely interchangeable and, to a limited extent, convertible into dollars. The probable effect of this on Britain, the world's largest debtor, would be the draining away of part of the Empire's carefully rationed dollar pool—perhaps the single most important economic link now holding the Empire together. If the complete interchangeability of currencies were achieved, it might even drain away the whole pool. In time, particularly if the dollar shortage eases, this consideration could become less pressing. But for now, as long as the British identify their fortunes closely with the Empire, progress toward making European currencies more interchangeable has to be geared not only to European considerations but also to considerations of the place of the United Kingdom in the British Commonwealth.

Economic union will make it necessary for all European governments to merge increasingly not only their foreign economic policies but their domestic policies as well. As a result of exchange controls, import quotas, and other restrictions, it has been possible for some countries to protect themselves to a certain extent from the economic illnesses of the rest, for the United Kingdom to enjoy full employment while Italy has one worker in eight unemployed, and for inflation and deflation to exist side by side. If integration progresses, this will no longer be the case. The economic health of one European country will increasingly concern its neighbors; there will have to be a widening area of agreement all over Europe on national economic policies. And agreement will have to be reached by sixteen governments of widely divergent economic philosophies, responsible to sixteen electorates—the austerity government of the United Kingdom together with the openhanded government of Greece, the socialist Norwegians and the lais-

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sez-faire Belgians. If we bear in mind how difficult it is to reconcile the economic differences of Southern Democrats and Northern Democrats in the United States, can we expect any reconciliation of Europe's multitude of conflicting economic views in one year, or even in five?

Even if western Europe were to achieve a large degree of economic integration in the next few years, it would still be far from the end of its dependence on the United States. The hard fact is that integration, despite its long-term benefits, will have comparatively little immediate effect in alleviating the most important of all European economic problems—the dollar shortage.

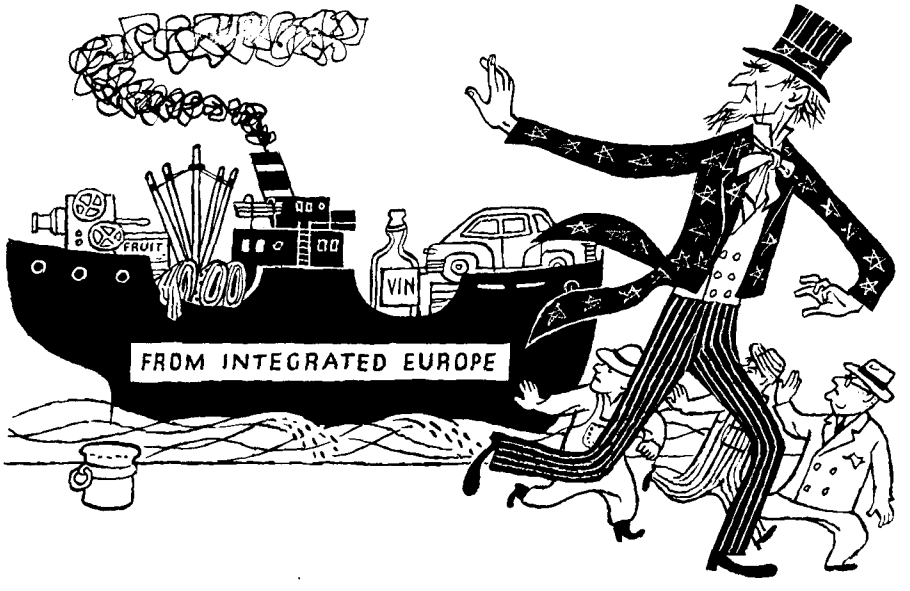
The spit of land that is western Europe is deficient in nearly all of the foodstuffs and raw materials—grain, beef, fats, iron ore, petroleum, bauxite, timber—needed to support 270 million inhabitants at their present standard of living. This is the crux of its economic problems. Europeans have always had to sell abroad their specialty foodstuffs, their manufactured goods, and their services to pay for the staple goods they needed. Before the war, they supported themselves not only by exporting, but by cashing in the profits of their previous investments in the United States and elsewhere. Now few such investments are left. Europe can pay its way only by exporting greatly increased quantities of its own produce—ships and watches, wine and Scotch whisky, cotton cloth and French fashions.

It will take more than integration to make a large increase in exports for dollars possible. As a matter of fact, integration may even reduce them by making it easier for exporters to sell to other western European countries rather than abroad. After a time, if integration is really effective, it might help the sale of European exports by bringing about lower production costs and prices, but that is still only part of the battle. It is just as important that the rest of the world, and primarily the United States—which holds over half of the non-European world's purchasing power—be prepared to buy western Europe's export goods in considerably larger quantities.

The recent appointments of Gordon Gray to co-ordinate U.S. foreign economic policy and promote balance at a high level in our international payments, and of Wayne Taylor to head a special division in ECA to promote exports to the U.S., show that the Administration is very much aware of this problem. However, the United States' campaign to put western Europe back on its feet has not yet extended to making it very easy for that area to sell goods here. Many agricultural commodities are not admitted at all, while others are under quota restrictions. The American tariff provides another high hurdle for imports. On many products, such as peanuts, neutral spirits, and cigarettes, the average duty adds more than one hundred per cent to the cost of the product, while even our superlative automobile industry is protected by a tariff which adds about ten per cent to the cost of foreign-made cars.

Most important of all, our rigid customs regulations, which interpret the basic tariff, add many millions to the cost of imported products. Sweaters with fancy neckbands are subject to the embroidery duty of forty-five per cent instead of the sweater duty of twenty-five per cent. The duty on a linen handkerchief with a hem, regardless of price, is twenty-five per cent; that on a handkerchief of the same material without a hem is only ten per cent.

The effect of all this is to keep out many goods that would become salable here as a result of the lower prices that a successful European economic integration might make possible. As a worried ECA official put it, "European countries need economic integration with the United States even more than they need it with one another. A European economic union without an increased opportunity to sell to the United States will be a union of bankrupts without prospect of becoming solvent."



If western Europe is to start integration now and be self-supporting by 1952, the United States must increase its purchases both from it and from the rest of the world, and increase them quickly. A program as bold as the Marshall Plan itself is needed, by which we will undertake, not to hand over more money so that Europe can buy here, but to open our doors wide to foreign-made goods in exchange for specific commitments from foreign nations that they will drop comparable restrictions on the entry of American goods as soon as they earn enough dollars to buy them freely.

Carrying out of a program along these lines would not be easy for us or miraculously curative for western Europe. But at least it would give western Europe a fighting chance to make itself self-supporting. Without such a chance, the prospects for a solvent western Europe and a successful European economic union are worse than poor—unless it be a union of desperation to wage an intercontinental economic war, of which the United States would be the first victim.

—VINCENT CHECCHI

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Out of the Pressure Chamber

The transition from crisis diplomacy to long-range world policy means correlating aid to Asia with the Atlantic Pact and new trade policies

The first objective of any foreign policy is the security of the nation. For a long time, Americans trusted in God and the Atlantic Ocean as substitutes for a foreign policy. When this failed to protect them from two world wars, they threw up a series of stopgap barriers: the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Military Assistance Program, and so on. The foundation on which the Administration was able to pile its sandbags was a rock-bottom assumption in Congress and the country that at some not too distant time the troubled waters would recede. Greece would shrink to a problem that the World Bank would be able to handle. Western Europe would integrate and live happily ever after. As for European defense—well, the Europeans could apply to the U. S. Senate in case of invasion.

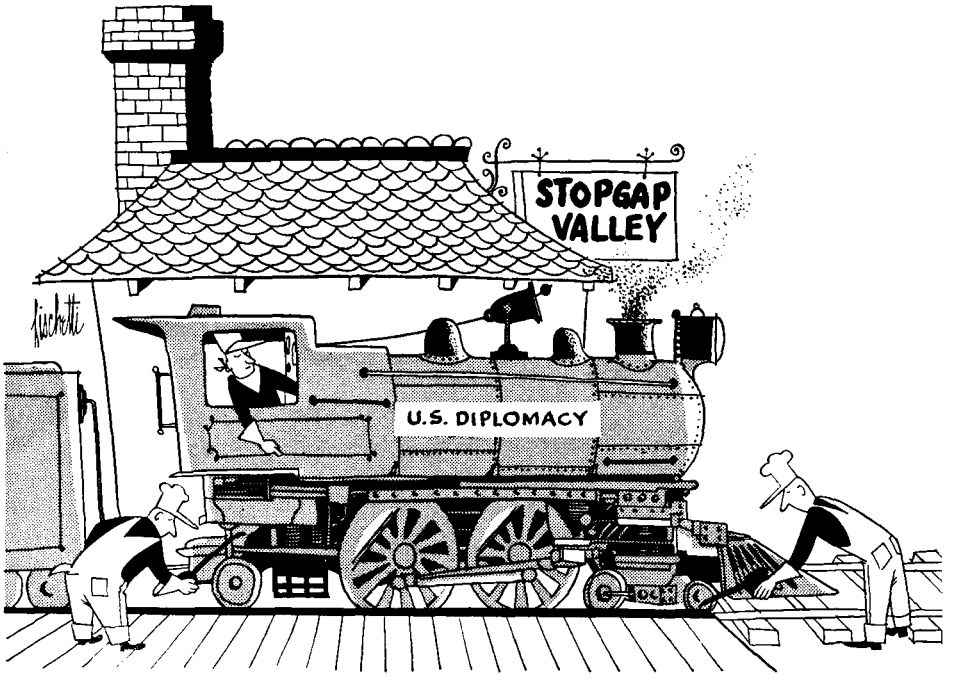
Within the Administration, the realization is now acute that this appraisal simply will not do. The problem of security is world-wide and permanent. A flood dammed temporarily in Europe surges over China. Western Europe as yet gives no assurance of living happily ever after. Tito deserts the Kremlin, but Ho Chi Minh may yet win Indo-China for Moscow. Americans, according to Secretary of State Acheson, have "got to understand that all our lives, the danger, the uncertainty, the need for alertness, for effort, for discipline will be upon us."

Whenever the non-Communist world is weakened, the United States becomes less secure. China falls; there is an atomic explosion in the U.S.S.R.; and there are great public debates in America. As the dust begins to settle, the Pentagon is making a study that may add half a billion dollars to the military budget in the coming fiscal year and many billions in the years after that. The Department of State paraphrases John Donne: If a clod is washed away from the non-Communist world, the United States is the less secure.

The main task of American foreign policy, in these terms, is quite clear. It is to promote the unity and material strength of the non-Communist world, *and to do it from now on.* That requires the abandonment of crisis diplomacy and emergency programs. It requires close and continuous support of those peoples who are not against us. It requires a recognition that the serious problems of the world are not caused initially by Communism, but rather by those conditions that Communism can exploit: bad government, empty stomachs, and military insecurity.

This spring, American foreign policy is going through the pressure chamber between emergency programs and permanent diplomacy. This could be illustrated at many points, but it can be seen most easily from a look at three of the most important projects now moving forward in Washington. They are: the assumption of a share of long-term responsibility for helping Asia's newly independent peoples achieve the kind of government and the kind of lives they want; the development of the North Atlantic Treaty into an instrument for broad co-operation among the United States and its eleven Atlantic partners, on political and economic as well as military matters; and the evolution of a series of long-range economic policies to close the dollar gap with a natural flow of trade, rather than with subsidies pumped in from the United States Treasury.

That they have not been so glimpsed



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by the public is due to an important feature of the American government. The Department of State is not a foreign office in the European sense. Decisions on foreign policy, within the government, must be shared by many agencies—the Treasury, Defense, Agriculture, and Commerce Departments, to name a few that consistently loom large. Within the executive branch, no really important decision on foreign policy is final until the President has made it or approved it.

No Cabinet officer has been more insistent than Secretary Acheson that the formulation of policy be properly shared among the executive departments, and no Cabinet officer has been more careful to reserve for the President his final power of decision. Up to now, no one beneath the level of Mr. Truman himself has been able to say much about new approaches to Southeast Asia, the North Atlantic Treaty, and the dollar gap. What is known on these subjects comes almost as much from places like Bangkok and London as it does from Washington itself.

Disparate as these projects appear on the surface, they are related. While they were not originally conceived as an integral whole, they can be comprehended as a whole.

In point of time, the most urgent project is the establishment of American support for the peoples of Southeast Asia. Chinese Communist troops have reached the northern border of Viet Nam, the eastern half of French Indo-China. On the Balkan pattern, they are giving arms and sanctuary to the Communist-led Viet Minh guerrillas. Mr. Truman therefore has tentatively approved the shipment of around thirty million dollars' worth of American arms to Viet Nam, to nearby Thailand, and to the United States of Indonesia. Such shipments can be financed from the seventy-five million dollars which the military-aid bill gave Mr. Truman for use in the "general area" of China.

This is still crisis diplomacy, but it takes place against a background of long-range intent. Some of the balance from the President's special fund, for instance, is intended for a preview in Southeast Asia of Mr. Truman's "Bold New Program" for technical assistance to underdeveloped countries —probably, in this case, to consist of agricultural demonstration projects.

The significance of our new position in Southeast Asia is world-wide. The military insecurity of the area is a threat to the safety of the Atlantic Community. This can be pointed up by one simple fact: France will not be able to provide the backbone of ground troops for the Atlantic Community's Uniforce as long as it must deploy its most effective units in Indo-China.

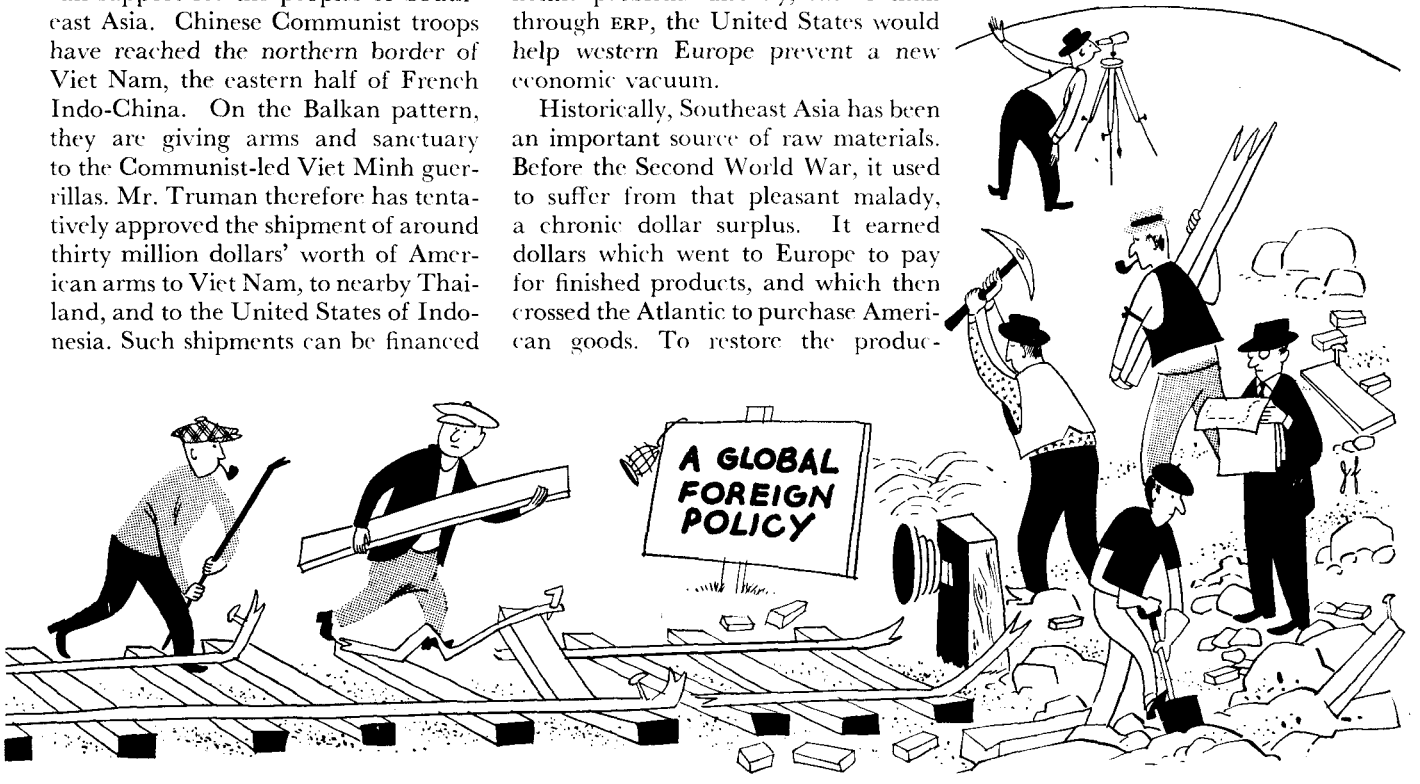
Economically, the new American position, if it can be achieved, will be even more important. Marshall Plan funds have been an indirect but considerable source of help to Southeast Asia. As Marshall Plan aid comes to an end, western European countries will be less able to help their former colonies there. In approaching the region's economic problems directly, rather than through ERP, the United States would help western Europe prevent a new economic vacuum.

Historically, Southeast Asia has been an important source of raw materials. Before the Second World War, it used to suffer from that pleasant malady, a chronic dollar surplus. It earned dollars which went to Europe to pay for finished products, and which then crossed the Atlantic to purchase American goods. To restore the productivity of the area would be an accomplishment of first importance in closing the dollar gap.

American policy is going through a pressure chamber in Europe as well as in Southeast Asia. It entered it last year when the Senate ratified the Atlantic Treaty. That instrument pledged the United States and eleven other countries of the Atlantic Community to a common defense.

The execution of the treaty has gone through its first stage, and is about to enter a second. Over the past year, the signatory nations have drawn up a common plan for military preparation and defense, and have created a staff organization to keep these subjects under study.

It is a good beginning, but it is not enough. There is no use forging a suit of armor if there is nothing to go inside it. What is now wanted is Atlantic collaboration on something more than military matters. One place to achieve it is in the North Atlantic Council of Foreign Ministers. Potentially the council is a place where policy makers of the Atlantic Community could agree, wholly or partially, on many subjects of common interest. This would serve to organize the strength of the western world, and to concentrate it on specific objectives, in ways



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that lie beyond the power of the United Nations.

Secretary Acheson has called a meeting of the North Atlantic Council in London the middle of this month. He has indicated that its purpose is to explore ways of making the treaty an instrument for closer and more continuous co-operation among the United States and its partners: Canada, Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, and Portugal.

The language of the treaty is sufficiently broad to turn the attention of these countries to many subjects. Article 2, for instance, licenses the Atlantic partners to "eliminate conflict in their international economic policies" and to "encourage economic collaboration between all or any of them." The Canadians are foremost among several nations who believe that this article should be followed up with a series of recommendations about what to do after 1952.

Article 4 of the pact authorizes the partners to "consult together whenever, in the opinion of any of them, the territorial integrity, political independence or security of any of the Parties is threatened." This article was originally drafted to ensure that the treaty could not be used to commit the United States automatically to the European side of any colonial quarrel. The French undoubtedly still see it as a way to legalize American action in Indo-China.

In any case, Secretary Acheson hopes that at London the Foreign Ministers will read the treaty, see what there is in it, and decide what usefully can be done. An early thought in the State Department was that the council should at least make preparations to stay in business. This it could do by creating a high-powered subcommittee of deputies—men like America's Philip Jessup and Britain's Hector McNeil—who can meet as long and as frequently as necessary on problems of mutual concern. In short, American policy is preparing to recognize that even before the Marshall Plan ends its short run in 1952, the United States must have a long-term instrument for arriving at joint decisions with the nations of western Europe.

These decisions cannot be made by the United States and eleven satellites. Even if they could, there is no room for such a concept in U. S. foreign policy. Through the medium of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the decisions must be made by nations whose independence is becoming increasingly secure and whose interdependence is efficiently organized.

In the third pressure chamber, the Administration is trying to move from a makeshift foreign economic policy to one that will have a permanent base. America makes; the world takes. But the world is able to take in large part because Uncle Sam is a philanthropist willing to pay foreign countries to import American products.

The Administration is now beginning to peer more intently than ever before at this situation and to ponder ways of improving it. Paul Hoffman has created a new office in his organization to promote European imports by giving European producers advice about American markets. Secretary Acheson is sending economist Herbert Feis off to Europe to discover, among other things, where the gap hurts worst.

Most important of all, Mr. Truman has now set in motion a dollar-gap study which should be comparable in importance to the Harriman Committee survey that preceded the Marshall Plan. The director of the study is Gordon Gray, former Secretary of the Army and prospective president of the University of North Carolina, who now becomes a special assistant to Mr. Truman. Where Mr. Gray will come out, and who will help him get there, however, nobody knows now.

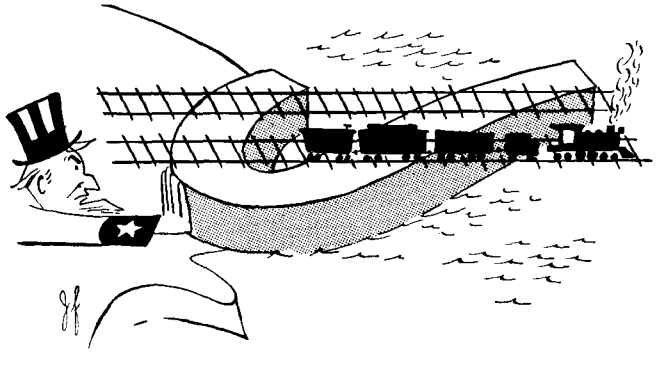
The European continent, and much of the rest of the world, will still need American capital, as America needed foreign capital in the nineteenth century. To help solve this problem, Congress is now considering limited guarantees for American private capital that goes abroad. The U. S. Export-Import Bank and the World Bank can also contribute to the flow of funds.

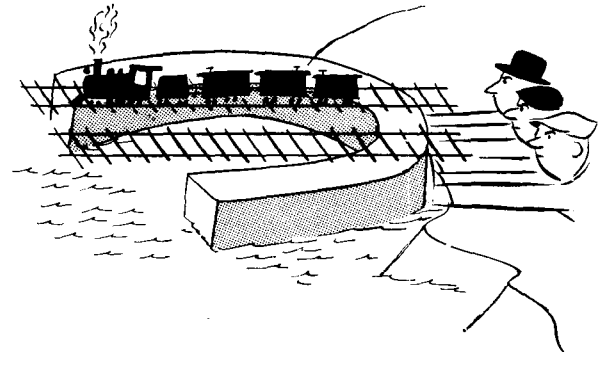
There will still be nations not able to meet their needs through trade or borrowing. These countries—probably Greece, perhaps Italy—will very likely have to be helped by more outright grants after 1952.

These are by no means all the measures Mr. Gray will have to consider. Some searching questions will also have to be asked about domestic policies that have a foreign impact. For instance, is the United States going to go on producing large amounts of artificial rubber, or is it going to increase its imports of rubber from Southeast Asia? Is the United States going to subsidize a big merchant fleet of its own, or is it going to let European and oriental shippers handle more?

The keystone of the Gray report very probably will be a recommendation for a revision of American tariffs. America's trade with the rest of the world, Administration economists think, has got to be balanced at not less than fourteen billion dollars a year—which means that by 1952, or soon after, the rest of the world has got to be earning four billion dollars a year more than it did in 1949.

A lower figure, Administration experts believe, would be a dire threat





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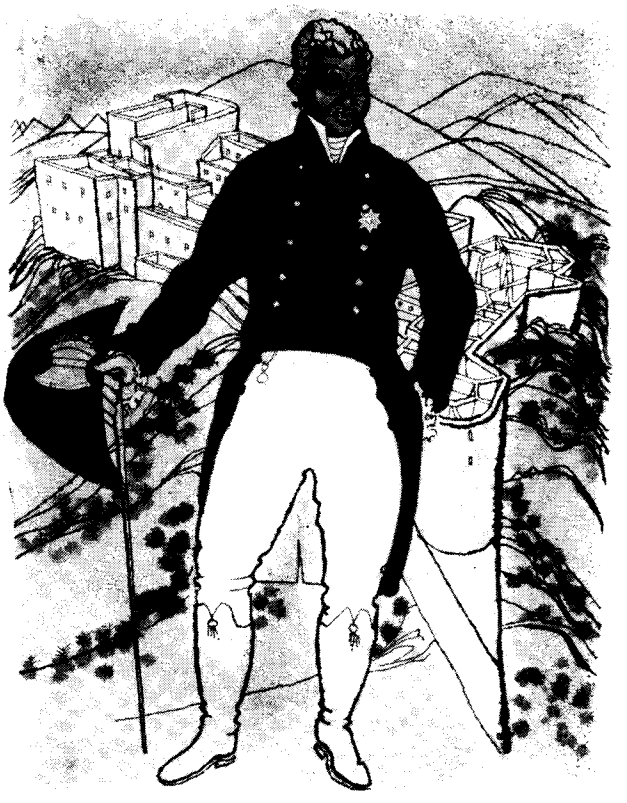
to world peace. It would imply a sharp curtailment in European imports of essential American goods and lead to a quick downward spiral in western Europe's economy. European budgets also would have to dwindle to a point where they could no longer support adequate military establishments, and where the Kremlin would be confronted with a temptation it might find difficult to resist. This train of events could easily make both the Atlantic Council meeting and the Administration's program for action in Southeast Asia futile gestures.

President Truman is deeply convinced of the importance of the Gray study. Whatever conclusions it reaches will be the President's own conclusions. It is the Gray project, perhaps more than any other foreign-policy undertaking the Administration has in mind today, that illustrates what Secretary Acheson means by his phrase "total diplomacy." Total diplomacy is precisely what the Gray project requires —an all-out effort to formulate a foreign-policy idea and execute it with the greatest possible effect. Total diplomacy is policy carried out short of war —indeed, it is policy carried out for the purpose of preventing war. But it calls for some of the same intensity and single-mindedness that were concentrated on wartime objectives.

Mr. Gray, to begin with, will have to enlist the best brains from many government agencies to help him with his task. He probably will have to call into existence a committee of private citizens, as was done in the case of the Marshall Plan, to get the best advice available from educators and business and labor leaders.

Once dollar-gap measures have been formulated, they will require alert and aggressive support from the public—not only to get them through Congress, but to see that they actually work after they have been adopted. For the closing of the dollar gap in permanent fashion will require every American producer, every worker, and every consumer to realize that his habits of getting and spending have something, no matter how little, to do with closing the gap and keeping it closed. This, in the field of foreign economic policy, is what "total diplomacy" means, and this is why the leadership must come from the President of the United States himself. —HAROLD N. GRAVES, JR.

Christophe and Estimé



Christophe

Cap-Haïtien, on the north coast of Haiti, gives you a much better idea than the capital, Port-au-Prince, of the days when Saint-Domingue, as the island was earlier called, was the richest of the West Indian colonies. You find there a colonial cathedral, handsome, severe, and solid (destroyed by the earthquake of 1842, but recently well restored), and a few old French manor houses, reconstructed or still intact, turned into hotels or hospitals, with the grounds beautifully planted and tended, and red or purple bougainvillaea spilling over the walls. Outside the town, empty old gateways, standing alone, with no walls to enclose the once enormous estates, gape to the wild fields, yet still suggest that life of abundance that the struggle against the colonists wrecked.

It is only in Haiti, where the Negroes have written a chapter of history themselves, that one grasps the importance and the violence of this episode of western history: the atrocity of the centuries of the slave-trade; the practical impossibility of a system enforced through fear, which could only beget, by refraction, a blind panic on the part of the planters; the contest of cruelty that could stimulate a French general like Rochambeau to act the role of a hero of the Marquis de Sade; the fight to the finish, with the victory won at the expense of total devastation. In the United States, this drama of the past is blurred—for in our South the planters were defeated yet the Negroes did not win their freedom. The issue of our Civil War was between the North and the South, so that the issue between whites and blacks is never quite clearly seen.

It is only since I have been in Haiti that I have realized what "the colonies" meant, and how the impasse and the outrage they represented, from the eighteenth century on, bedeviled and upset the calculations of European and American politics—making an awkward reservation to the Rights of Man of the French revolutionary bourgeoisie, balking the designs of Napoleon

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in his projects of American conquest, and splitting the cohesion of the United States eighty-five years after our own Revolution.

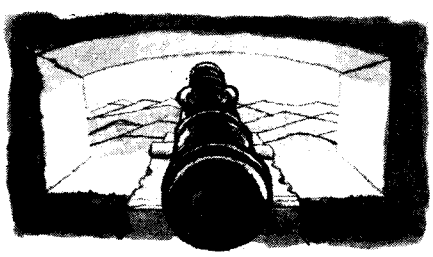
Breakfast in the early morning, looking out at the bright gold light through the big green leaves of plants on the window sill and the lace-leaves of shrubbery behind. People always get up early in Haiti, as they rarely do in Latin countries: The mornings are exhilarating, delicious. Setting out from the village of Milot, twenty miles inland from Cap-Haïtien, one can make the ascent on horseback to the Citadel of King Christophe. On the summits of the stocky and assertive hills (that do not undulate like ordinary mountains, but have the look of illustrative peaks plucked up on a new-laundered tablecloth, though plushed with green by their varied plantations), on their summits the fresh and strong morning light saturates the small, white, unmoving clouds. By a path, stony, narrow, broken down by the rains, you mount through a low, rich forest, to enumerate the features of which—mahogany, coconut, cacao, pomegranate, custard apple, breadfruit, mango, banana, orange, avocado, calabash, bamboo, and sugar cane—may suggest an overgrown jungle or the sorted and packed display of the goods of a grocery store, but where everything is green and free. Underfoot, frailer leaves of anise yield their expected flavor, those of citronella their expected fragance; yams twine their vinelike tendrils.

And you climb up into that light, you arrive at the top: It is as if you embraced the morning. But what rises before you suddenly, revealed by a turn of the path, is the flatiron "prow" of the fortress, the great smooth wedge of brick that looms sheer from the steep rock on which it has been grafted without foundations. From here the hills take on a strategic look, an aspect of "mamelons and ravelins." Cap-Haïtien rims the bay with a curving slice of white; the sea's blue is not so far from green that it contrasts much with the plain. The Citadel commands the whole expanse. Christophe was awaiting the return of the French, worn down and driven out by Toussaint and himself and the other Negro soldiers, but they never gave him a chance to try his guns.

Here the cannon balls lie dull and inert, brimming their immense bins; the cannon, so laboriously accumulated, point from their high slots at nothing. Down below, half hidden by vegetation, one cannon lies part way up the path, where it was left at the death of Christophe, no one ever having cared enough about it to move it either up or down. These munitions are a little like the images of which the agglomeration sometimes bogs down the poetry of such a West Indian Negro poet as the extraordinary Aimé Césaire, the Communist deputy from Martinique: a weighting of Negro strength, a brooding of Negro defiance, which has not been able to discharge itself because it has not found its target.

Born on an English island, a tall, straight-nosed Sudanese Negro, Christophe much admired the English; had Englishmen around him at court, and made friends with the English admiral in command of the West Indian fleet. He was a model of administrative efficiency as well as a demon of energy. He organized the whole life of his kingdom, exacted from his peasant cultivators regular hours of work, made his plantations productive, and managed to put away money. His was perhaps the only solvent government that has ever existed in Haiti.

But the blacks whose revolt he had led were recalcitrant to the régime he imposed on them. In that period, the southern part of the island was a republic under the Presidency of Pétion, who, a mulatto and therefore suspect, could not press too hard on the blacks. In his domain there was no obligation to work, and this made Christophe's subjects envious. They found themselves enslaved by a Negro. Christophe is supposed to have sacrified the lives of some thirty thousand men to the building of the La Ferrière Citadel, and he was never to live to finish it. He had become, in his last years, a tyrant who had resorted to enforcing discipline by commanding his workers to jump off the Citadel, and by dropping them into oubliettes. He would scrutinize the country with a spyglass, and if he found a peasant dozing in work hours, would pick him off with a cannon. Christophe's subjects soon revolted. They burned down the set of palaces that were his centers of cultivation. When, half paralyzed by a stroke, he learned that his household guard had joined the revolution, he shot himself with the silver bullet that he had kept for such an occasion.



Yet all Haiti takes pride in the Citadel. A falsetto-voiced, one-eyed mulatto, who had driven us from Port-au-Prince and who had never had a chance to see the Citadel, went up with the guide and me and became very much excited. On the way, he told us gleefully the legend that Christophe—who, though nominally a Catholic, seems not to have taken the Christian faith seriously—had retorted, when menaced with the wrath of God: "*He* is the God of the Heavens, but I am God of the Earth!" And he repeated it, this driver, giggling again, when we looked down from the battlements of the Citadel.

The black guide, too, it seemed to me, put into his routine patter a good deal more of genuine enthusiasm than do such dodderers among ancient monuments as one usually finds in Europe. He would exclaim, "*C'est incroyable!*" as he showed us how the bricks had been made on the mountain itself and put together without mortar, how the guns had been dragged up one by one, how the great structure had been poised on the ragged rock. "The foreigners who come here all say that they can't understand it!" And there *is* something here for awe, the visiting foreigner feels. It is thrilling, it brings to life the old fight, to happen on the captured hostile cannon lying harmless in the Citadel courtyard: these dolphin-handled guns of bronze, elegantly shaped and engraved, with the vapid blazing mask of le Roi Soleil, the English *Dieu et Mon Droit* and *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense,* and the arrogant martial *N*; and to remember how Christophe in his insurgent days burnt the whole of Cap-Haïtien rather than receive the French, how he compelled the respect of the British, and how he baffled and snubbed Napoleon. His palace, Sans Souci, at the foot of the

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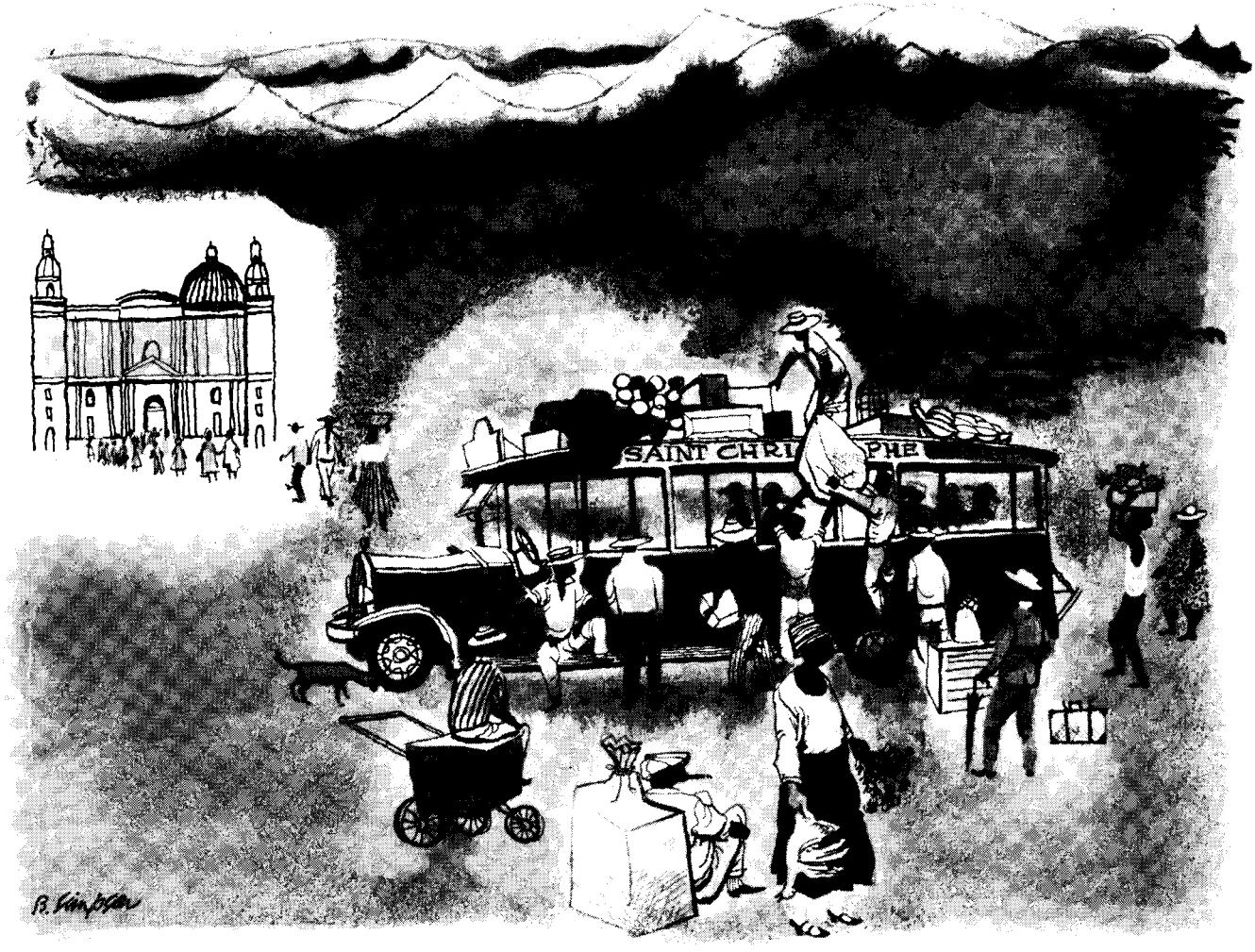

mountain, was sacked by the peasant rebellion and has been dismantled for its building materials by the people of the countryside, till there is almost nothing left but a shell as hollow as a Roman ruin; a stairway that spreads out from the entrance, in (now grass-grown) imitation of Versailles; the broken-off, battered head of a big female bust or statue; and the tree under which Christophe, in the tradition of the older French monarchs, dispensed justice when the weather permitted. But the Citadel itself stands unchastened as an affirmation of Negro will, a challenge to the non-Negro world. The very tomb of Christophe in the courtyard, thickset as these compact hills, has a suggestion of the clenched fist.

In Haiti I soon came to realize that the country can be called democratic in only a limited and peculiar sense—that the gap between the educated minority who manage politics and business and the illiterate peasantry who live on the land is so wide that the country in many respects is more like prerevolutionary Russia than it is like the United States, with our relatively homogeneous society. Where the color line prevails in the United States, we are, of course, frankly anti-democratic; but the distinction between black and white is also a principle of inequality of Haiti—not in the form of Jim Crow regulations, but through a complicated system of discrimination based on the varying proportions of Negro and white blood. A contest between black and white, or rather a swaying of the balance, has been going on in Haiti ever since the days of the revolution, when the conflict was much confused by the wavering allegiance of the mulattoes, who were now recognized and recruited, now repudiated and persecuted, by their kinsmen, the white planters, so that they sometimes supported the status quo, sometimes took the side of the slaves.

The visitor from the United States may not be fully prepared for this feature of Haitian life. He is familiar with a discrimination which works against anybody who is known to have any black blood, and he may not at first be able to grasp the complex internal strains of a society where everybody has more or less, and where adjustments have constantly to be managed between European traditions and African ones, which contend, not through different groups, clearly (if sometimes fraudulently) defined, as they do in the United States, but through the instincts of a single individual, the differing individuals of a family, the vicissitudes of families of mixed blood in relation to one another, and the rises and declines of political

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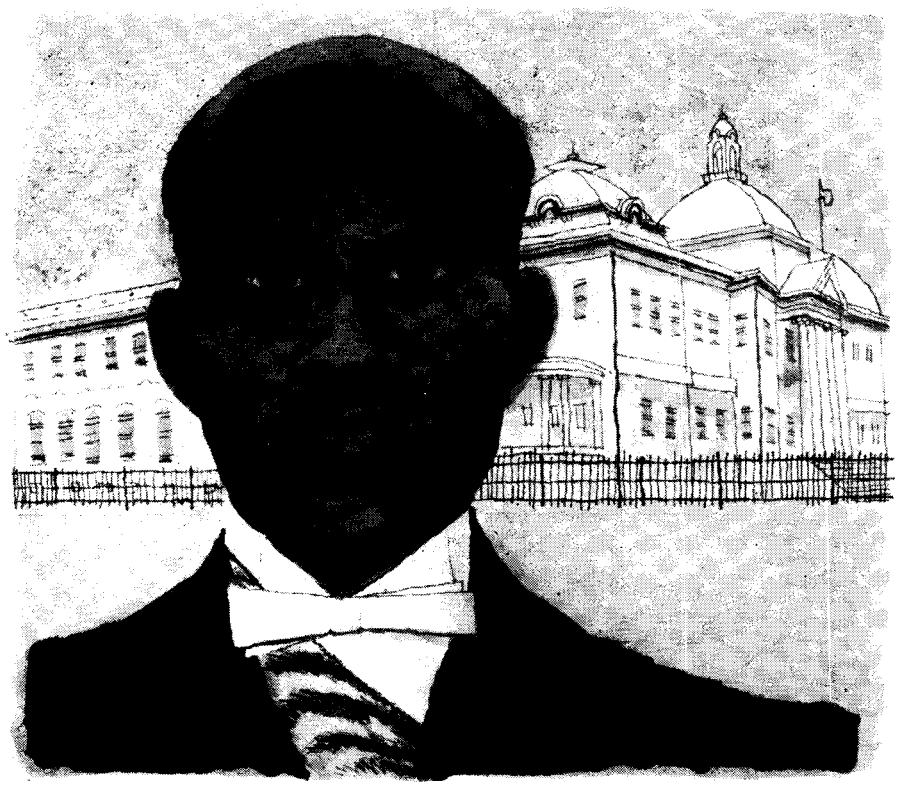
parties. In this latter connection, where the color issue is seen most plainly by the outside observer, the Haitian ship of state has been heavily and recurrently rocked. But if the French-trained mulatto "élite" have for long periods maintained their ascendancy, keeping the blacks and near-blacks out of office, the latter have had their comebacks and equilibrium has been restored.

This conflict between black and mulatto is one of the keys to the recent political crisis. In the middle of November, 1949, an attempt at revolution was stifled, with the suppression of opposition newspapers and the imprisonment of opposition leaders. The present Administration, that of President Dumarsais Estimé, represents an accession to power of the black element in the educated class after a long period of mulatto domination, for which the attitude toward color of the American occupation, which ended in 1933, is said to have been mainly responsible. (We sent Southerners to Haiti, on the theory that they were "used to dealing with Negroes"!) And one of the strangely mixed elements in the occupation was the desire of the mulattoes to get their hands on the government again.

The régime of Estimé was at the beginning outspokenly anti-white, talked about *"authentiques"* and *"non-authentiques"* as the Nazis did about "Aryan" and "non-Aryan," and encouraged a certain mulatto-baiting. Last March the President repudiated this, and the campaign against white blood is supposed to have been somewhat relaxed, but I occasionally ran into traces of it when I visited the Rex Theater, which stands at the edge of the Champs-de-Mars and is haunted by young loafers, who sometimes try to stare you out of countenance. One boy, on seeing me, exclaimed *"Un blanc,"* crossed himself, and muttered something about the President.

One of the chief figures in the pro-black campaign has been a man named Daniel Fignolé. He is the organizer of the rather successful Mouvement Ouvrier Populaire, familiarly known as M.O.P., and has had a considerable radio following. When Estimé became President, he made Fignolé Minister of Education; but the latter, continuing his broadcasts in office, began criticizing his colleagues with the utmost freedom, and his resignation was soon demanded. He then announced his disillusion with the principle of black superiority, declaring that the darker-skinned public officials were not only no more worthy than their lighter-skinned predecessors, but actually a good deal worse.



President Dumarsais Estimé

Fignolé is said to be an idealist, quite sincere but not very intelligent, and with no program that differs from that of the Administration he helped to install. He nevertheless became the most important leader among the parties attacking the Government, and the M.O.P. became sufficiently formidable to provoke Estimé to repress it. Fignolé followed Haitian tradition by taking refuge in the Argentine Embassy and so escaped being put into jail. (The President, with a magnanimous gesture, has since pardoned all these opponents.)

The pro-black policy of Estimé has also aroused opposition in another and quite different quarter. To be pro-Negro may mean being pro-voodoo, and the Catholics, who, in Haiti as elsewhere, have been going into action with new militancy in behalf of their own religion, have accused the officials of the present régime of practicing voodoo rites. It is asserted that Estimé, who comes of peasant stock, has a near relative who is a voodoo priest. At the beginning of last year the principal Catholic paper published a series of articles by a priest, Father J. Foisset, which asserted that voodoo was enjoying an unprecedented popularity at Port-au-Prince, that there were scores of new voodoo temples, some of which had cost thousands of dollars to build, and that the candidates at the last election, in hope of ensuring success, had spent a good deal of money on sacrifices and petitions to the voodoo gods. This priest was soon compelled to leave Haiti, on the ground that he was interfering in public affairs. The anti-government Catholic paper, *L'Action Sociale*, which had reprinted the articles under the heading *"Il faut écraser le vaudou,"* was suppressed in the recent crisis, and its editor, Paul Cassagnol, organizer of a Parti Populaire Sociale Chrétien, was among the opposition leaders put in prison at that time.

Add to these incongruous elements that of the Communist Party, in its guise of Parti Socialiste Populaire, under the leadership of Anthony Lespès.

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M. Lespès is a serious and able man, who has specialized in the national problems of water and soil conservation, and at one time acted as adviser to the Department of Agriculture.

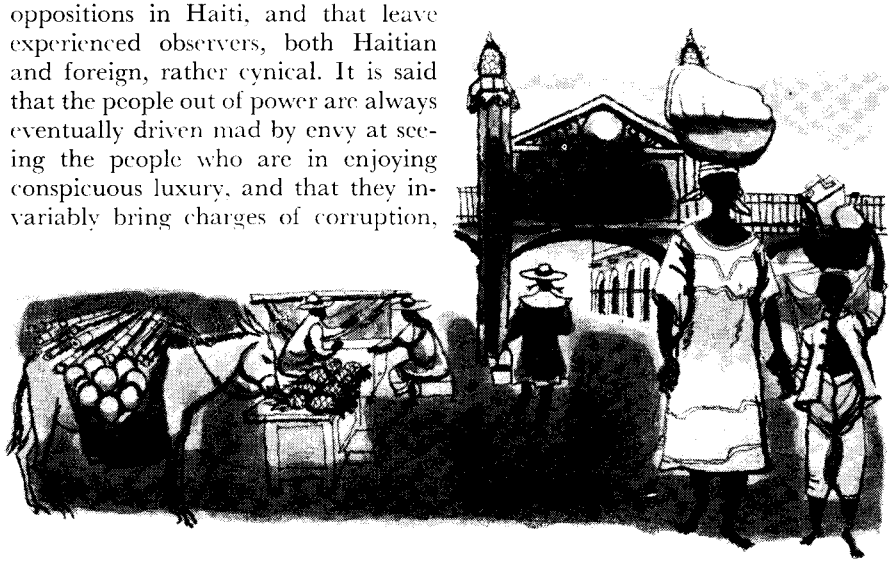
Seeing a portrait of Stalin on his wall along with those of Marx and Lenin, I was surprised, on meeting Lespès, that he should talk about current affairs with intelligence, humor, and freedom. He has studied in the United States, and he told me that he liked and admired us, that the only thing he had against us was the conditions we had insisted on making for a recent loan to Haiti for the improvement of the Artibonite Valley. I read later, in a back number of his paper (now suppressed with the rest), a reply he had written to Trygve Lie on the occasion of his having been invited to take part in a scientific conference held under the auspices of UNESCO. In explaining, along orthodox Communist lines, that the capitalist economy represented by the United Nations was hopelessly inimical to the object, conservation of natural resources, proposed for discussion by the conference, he made the point, no doubt sound, against this loan that it had been granted only on condition it be used for the cultivation of products which would not compete with ours, and not for building up of Haitian industries, which, however beneficial to Haiti, might take away some of our trade—a suicidal policy, he went on to say, from the American point of view itself, since we count also on selling our gadgets there, and the peasant, in the position we impose on him, that of producer of raw materials exclusively, would never be able to purchase our refrigerators and television sets.

I was told, however, that this paper had also to reprint the party-line boiler plate passed on to it, presumably from Cuba, and had sponsored a hair-raising story that the American health mission to Puerto Rico was infecting (sic) the natives with cancer in order to kill them off—just as Communist doctors in the Soviet purge were accused of having infected their patients with syphilis. It is a pity that a man like Lespès, whose professional abilities are needed by his country, should have been brought, by his very social conscience and intellectual courage, to a state where he is condemned to impotence by the Soviet imbecilities on the one hand, and on the other by his own government's persecution. There is hardly even a labor movement in Haiti that a Marxist could hope to indoctrinate. Trade unionization there dates only from 1946, and the membership is no more than a thousand.

Let us also take into account that President Estimé, in his official statements, has put the whole blame for the crisis on a certain Colonel Astrel Roland, a former supporter of his, who, he says, is conspiring against him from the hostile Dominican Republic in the interest of the dictator Trujillo. Roland, who was military chief of the Department of Artibonite, and "intervened" in the elections there in behalf of Estimé, was dissatisfied after the election, when the latter sent him out of the country as military attaché to Washington. In Washington, Roland fell in with the Minister of the Interior of the Dominican Republic, and he eventually betook himself to Ciudad Trujillo, and has been broadcasting attacks on Estimé from there. There seems to be no question that Trujillo is ambitious to dominate Haiti. Estimé says that the dictator is trying to have him assassinated. When Estimé attended recently an evening party at the British Embassy, the back of the building was guarded by machine guns, and he announced a few weeks later that the government, discovering hidden weapons, had foiled a Trujillo plot.

Aside from the voodoo issue, what are the actual accusations made by the opposition against the government? They are the same accusations, it seems, that have always been made by oppositions in Haiti, and that leave experienced observers, both Haitian and foreign, rather cynical. It is said that the people out of power are always eventually driven mad by envy at seeing the people who are in enjoying conspicuous luxury, and that they invariably bring charges of corruption, which are invariably pretty well founded. It is certain that the misapplication of public money to personal uses has reached fantastic proportions in Haiti. There have been big foreign loans, to meet urgent needs, of which the public has seen scarcely a penny, and it has been partly as a preventive of such scandals that the American occupation has been defended. You can hear at the present time such sensational circumstantial stories as the one about the barrels of cement that are said to have been diverted from public works to a new villa in process of construction by one of the high officials. When the barrels were traced to his place, he is said to have announced frankly that the mulattoes had had the spoils long enough and it was now the Negroes' turn.

The opposition has also criticized the government for sinking a large sum of money in the current exposition, at a time when funds were needed for more important things, and at the moment of the threatened insurrection there are said to have been incitations, in the destructive Haitian tradition, to tear the uncompleted buildings down. Yet, aside from its value as publicity, and for attracting the tourist trade, the exposition will leave a permanent asset in the considerable stretch of waterfront which has been reclaimed from swamp for its grounds. I felt in most quarters in Haiti, and even on the part of his opponents, a certain respect for M. Estimé. True, he locked these opponents up, but he soon let them out again, and one has to judge such acts, I suppose, in the light of the standard



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set in 1915 by President Guillaume Sam, when he dealt with his opposition by taking a hundred and sixty hostages and slaughtering them. One finds out that Estimé has allotted funds to such good causes as the previously rather starved Bibliothèque Nationale and the UNESCO experiment at Marbial. He is now trying to get a forty-million-dollar loan for a comprehensive road-building program.

Yet Estimé has recently shown evidence of yielding to the same compulsion, apparently irresistible in Haiti, which has brought so many of his predecessors to violent or ignominious ends. According to the present constitution a President serves for six years and he cannot have a second consecutive term, but the opponents of Estimé, whose term of office expires in 1952, insist that he is already maneuvering to amend the constitution and get himself elected again.

In August of last year, after declaring a "state of siege," the President took the unconstitutional but apparently classical step of dismissing the Conseil Communal, an elected municipal body which plays an important role in the election of the deputies to the Legislative Assembly because it registers the votes. Now, election of these deputies was to take place in January of this year, and the opposition parties, united by this common interest, had been protesting against the dismissal of the Conseil Communal and demanding a check on the polls. They had recourse to the equally classical, if equally unconstitutional, step of provoking a student strike, which involved political meetings and an attempt to call out the shopkeepers.

But due partly, it would seem, to the general popularity of Estimé, partly to the forethought of the Americans, who before their official withdrawal had, by disarming the population and putting the police and the army under the single control of the President, deprived revolutions of the weapons which had previously made them so easy, government, as they say in that part of the world, *mit main basse* on the malcontents, and seems to have remained in a strong position. When the January elections took place, they were boycotted by the opposition.

—EDMUND WILSON

(This is the first of three articles on Haiti.)

Yugoslavia

More Bricks for Tito

North of Yugoslavia's capital, sunburned, singing youths from Macedonia, Slovenia, and Montenegro are building the city of New Belgrade. Thousands of "voluntary workers" (in an economic rather than a volitional sense) are erecting big government buildings, hotels, and student flats. On every wall they paint flaming political slogans. In the rest of eastern Europe slogan-writers call for friendship with "the great U.S.S.R." and its "heroic leadership." In New Belgrade the most popular slogan now is: "The more lies and slander, the more bricks we will lay for Tito!" Slogans mean a lot to Communists, orthodox and unorthodox alike.

The new Yugoslavia, caught between East and West, fears neither. Tito's régime is more solid on its foundations than ever, and the people's determination has grown as the Cominform split has widened. From Belgrade to dusty Skoplje in the south, where seventy per cent of the people still cannot read or write, from the shabby town of Nish on the troublesome Bulgarian border to Italian-built Dubrovnik on the Adriatic—the half million Communists who rule the country are closer than ever to their leader. The very few Cominformists among them have been wiped out noiselessly and effectively by Aleksandar Rankoviç's State Police. The people who previously spent too much time dreaming of bygone days to get along with the Communists now realize that there is no other choice than to follow Marshal Tito. Undermining his régime would mean handing the country over to the Russians, and throughout their troubled, rebellious history the dominating political drive of the Serbs has been for freedom and independence.

The remnants of the so-called bourgeoisie now support Tito in the hope of an alleviation of the Communist trend as a result of the opening of a back door to the West. This is certainly not the price the Communist rulers intend to pay for tools and gasoline. Tito had said that he has copper and lead to offer the western democracies, but not his Red soul and conscience. The great theoretician of Yugoslavia's Communist party, Moshe Pijade, fights Stalinist imperialism with Leninist theory; but he also fights western attempts at interference with the political and economic life of the country.

History has made the crossroads from Vienna to Istanbul and from Budapest to Salonika a noisy one. For centuries the soil of Serbia and Macedonia has been fertilized by blood and sweat. On the walls of Kalimegdan Fortress, overlooking Belgrade, young couples now sit on Turkish guns which cannonaded the city less than a century ago. Turkish domination depleted the eastern and southern sections of the country for centuries. The western Croats and Slovenes underwent a somewhat more enlightened domination by the Austrian emperors, but it was still domination.

The West's relationship with the young, undeveloped country between the world wars was merely another form of domination. Mining concessions brought plenty of money to Paris and London, and the good life to a few upper-class Yugoslavs, but only more sweat to the people. The Nazi period ended in complete disaster. Driving from Nish to Skoplje along the historic Salonika highway, one is apt to lose the road several times, because there is no road left. The road from Dubrovnik to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, is still littered with wrecked machines of war. The only bridges are newly constructed. The only houses are new wooden ones.

At one place hundreds of black and

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white crosses stand amidst fields of sunflowers. Here six thousand boys and men were driven from a nearby town and killed by German machine guns. One and a half million Yugoslavs, out of a population of fifteen million, were killed during five years of war between Yugoslavs and Germans, Yugoslavs and Italians, Yugoslavs and Bulgarians, Yugoslavs and Yugoslavs.

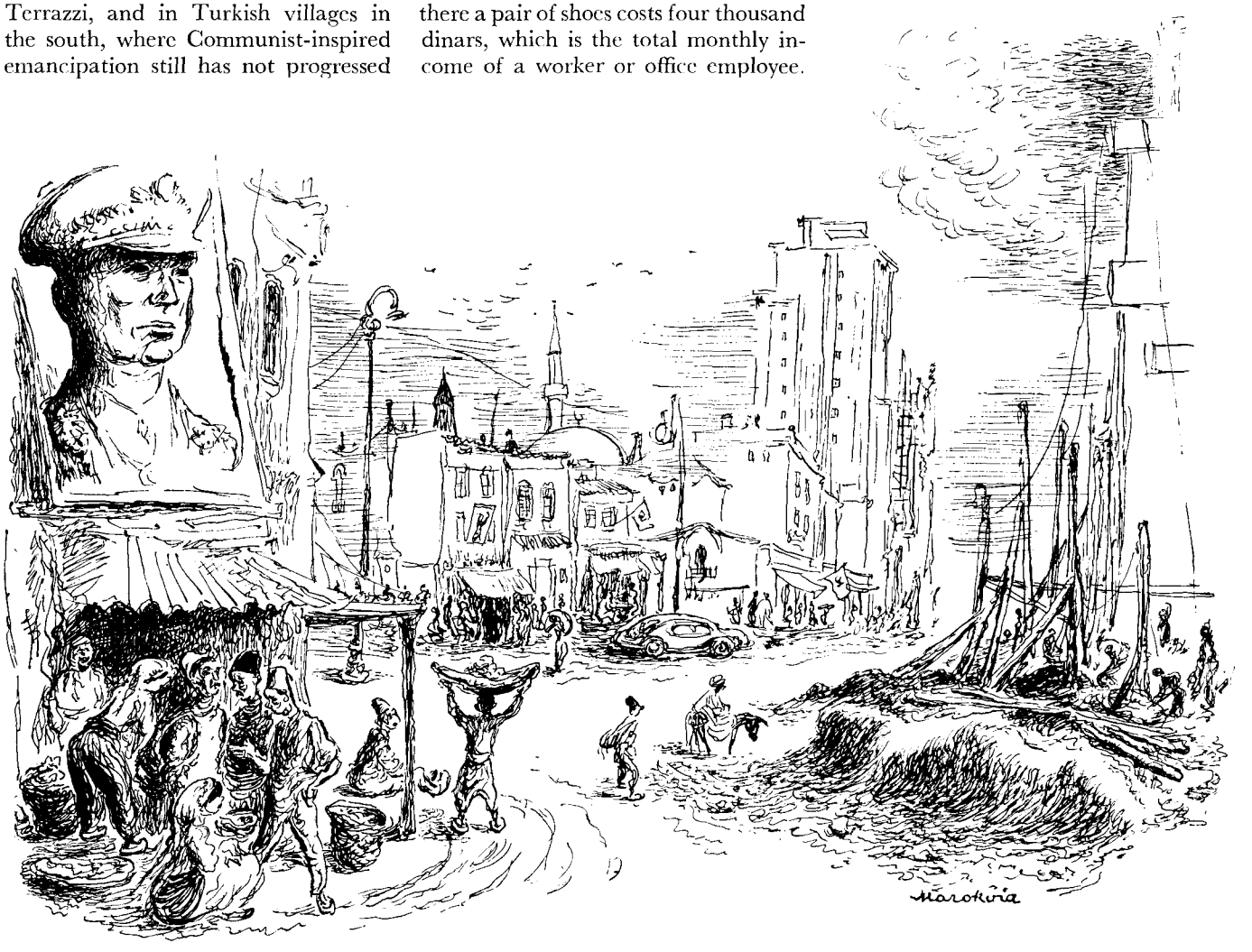
After traveling through Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, one can say that nowhere else is true Marxian Communism being approached as rapidly as in Yugoslavia. Every third shop in Belgrade bears the name *Zadruga*—the big consumers' co-operative. Except for a few cobblers and watchmakers, there is no room left for private entrepreneurs. Even in the country market places, *Zadruga* stands far outnumber those of farmers trying to sell their produce on the free market. The *Zadruga* signs are identical on the capital's main promenade, the Terrazzi, and in Turkish villages in the south, where Communist-inspired emancipation still has not progressed to the point where a woman will show her eyes to a man who is not her husband. In the latter places, the *Zadruga* shops are, along with football fields, often the only evidences of twentieth-century civilization.

It cannot be said that this degree of uniformity extends to the ability of the Yugoslavs to buy the goods in the shops. The system of state distribution is much more complicated and seems much further from equality than that of a free economy, or even those of Poland and Hungary.

A Communist will show you full shops and crowded windows, and point out the reasonable prices. But right next door the state may run a second-hand shop where prices are fantastic: Second-hand shoes are priced at five hundred dinars (ten dollars), a worn-out topcoat at two thousand, a jacket at fifteen hundred, and a watch which obviously has timed many Balkan wars at eighteen thousand. There are also unrationed shops where one can get new and better-quality products, but there a pair of shoes costs four thousand dinars, which is the total monthly income of a worker or office employee. In the food line, prices are reasonable as long as one sticks to the official ration, but it is generally agreed that it is necessary for normal consumers, who do not enjoy the special concessions for *Udarniks* (Stakhanovite workers), to buy unrationed products at two or three times the price of rationed ones.

Comparison of prices with wages shows that few workers have an easy time. Most wives have to work in offices or factories to add to the family income.

One hundred thousand Belgrade workers and their dependents eat in *mensa* (restaurants subsidized by offices or factories), where meals cost sixteen dinars and are no worse than the ones for which a foreigner pays four hundred. Such enormous price differences extend to every phase of life. When I bought my airplane ticket to Sarajevo, I found a list of at least ten different price categories, beginning with eight hundred dinars (for



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foreigners) and ending with one of eight dinars. This system of dividing the population into price categories also is extended to hotels and railroads. In Dubrovnik's splendid hotel (once the Argentine, now called the Belgrade) I was asked if I was a member of a trade union. As I was not, this made a difference in price of seventy-five per cent. However, ninety per cent of employed Yugoslavs are now trade-union members, so this gives the workers and their families an opportunity for a cheap holiday at the seaside —that is, if they are loyal enough to earn more than their normal pay.

It isn't difficult to determine why the Yugoslav consumer is in such straits. One finds projects like New Belgrade under construction on almost every road, although usually they are on a smaller scale. In the center of Montenegro, a country of bare, gray stones and poor, statuesque people, the Communists are rapidly completing Titograd, new capital of Montenegro and pride of the Marshal. Already its broad modern streets are filled with American automobiles and lined with concrete buildings. The city is built on the edge of the plain that stretches out toward Lake Scutari, which is due to be drained and transformed into rich farmland. The new Titoist Mecca is a grim city, full of brand-new blocks of flats, new offices, and zealous new professional Communists. The party's emphasis on monumentality rather than practicality is quite evident. The new hotel, which is often so crowded that guests sleep on the stairs, is equipped with exactly one water tap.

The bureaucracy's monuments to itself spring up everywhere. Across from the Moscow Hotel in Belgrade, three buildings are being erected: One is for the State Publishing Company, one for the trade unions, and one for the party paper *Borba*. Next to this, new floors have been added to the bank building that is now headquarters of the central bureau of the Communist Party. Since Yugoslavia has not one but six capitals, all of which must become centers of Communist officialdom, it may well be that this ponderous apparatus will turn out to be a bigger head than the weak economic body of the country can support.

The second part of the building program is aimed at backward country areas. A *Dom Zadruga* is being constructed in every village, to become the center of the collectivized farmers' lives. Since the break with the Cominform, the government has speeded up the collectivization drive considerably. Unlike Hungary and Poland, the Yugoslav government clearly states that complete collectivization, "of the highest type," is the ultimate aim. So far, twenty per cent of the farms have been collectivized, and in some northern areas over forty per cent. Although this drive is combined with a much-delayed modernization program which promises the farmers implements they have never had, there is little enthusiasm from peasants, who fear that Communism was invented only to rob them of their poor and desperately held-on-to land.

The most vital division of the building program is that devoted to industry. The government wants to increase the number of industrial workers by 170,000 before the end of 1951. This means doubling the number of workers employed in five years. Yugoslavia's poor soil (only one-fifth of the country is fit for cultivation) cannot support all of its present agricultural workers—in fact, it is estimated that agricultural production would be the same with only one-third of the present workers. Therefore, two-thirds will have to be absorbed by the new factories and must be schooled for their new jobs in industry.

Technical ability is a weak point with the Yugoslavs, but the government hopes to train twenty thousand engineers and sixty thousand skilled laborers within five years. Industrial production has to be increased by 500 per cent and production in general by 125 per cent. With great difficulty (caused mainly by Cominform obstruction) the Yugoslavs managed to attain the goal of the first half of the plan, but now the struggle is much stiffer because of the lack of machinery. It seems likely that Tito's downfall will come about as a result of his economic ambitions unless he is able to obtain something like Marshall Plan aid. Tito can press labor out of his people to any extent without fear of internal disorganization, but he needs machines and all sorts of technical assistance. What he has to offer in return is much less: wood, corn, wine, copper, and lead—and the world market prices of the last two are sinking.

The fear of Cominform interference among Yugoslavs is less than might be expected. Among all those to whom I talked, there was nobody who was not prepared to fight again for independence. On the other hand, there was a belief that there was not the slightest possibility of danger arising from within the body of the Yugoslav nation itself, and all that may be seen in the country tends to confirm this belief. The Communists think that their federal system, which was, as a matter of fact, imported from the Soviet Union, has done a great deal to create a degree of national unity that is unique in a country with so many different peoples, religions, and conditions of life.

—G. A. KNEPFLÉ

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Down Under

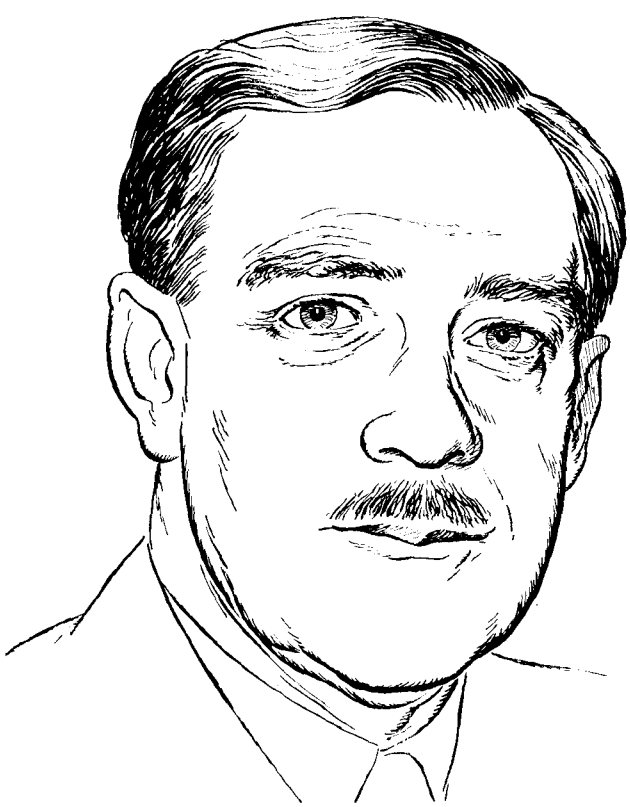
Little Man, Big Plan

This month, in Sydney, Australia, a clutch of British Commonwealth Ministers will have reached the second stage of a brand-new plan to counter Communism in Southeast Asia with tractors, dams, scholarships, investments, and technical advice. At the back of the Ministers' minds will be the need to encourage American interest, both spiritual and material, in their enterprise. At the head of their table will sit a small redheaded man with a cocksure manner. He is Australia's new Minister of External Affairs, fifty-three-year-old Percy Claude Spender, King's Counsel, barrister-at-law, Sydney social figure, who in the past three months has emerged as the Commonwealth's White Knight in its desperate Far East battle against the Red idea. Spender will be doing his best, in conjunction with Britain's energetic Commissioner-General in Southeast Asia, Malcolm MacDonald, to put the Imperial machine in the East into forward economic motion. He will also have something to say about a Pacific defense pact.

Percy Spender's first name is a clue to his faintly dandified appearance and his polite middle-class background, his surname a fortuitous key to the plan for rescuing Southeast Asia which now bears his name. Hatred and fear of Communism, both abroad and at home—where his right-wing Government is about to fulfill a pledge to suppress the Communist Party—are possibly his supreme guiding motives.

Spender first jumped to prominence as a result of his persistent, hard-hitting activities at the British Commonwealth's Foreign Ministers' Conference in January at Colombo, Ceylon. That conference had been called to consider the Communist threat to British interests in the East, arising partly from Mao's successes in China and partly from Communist infiltration, military and political, among China's southern neighbors.

Everyone at Colombo, in his own way, was ready to concede the common danger. Even Ernest Bevin, Britain's ailing Foreign Secretary, was willing to switch his anxieties temporarily from Europe to the Far East. The crump of French fieldpieces in Indo-China and the Tommy-gun bursts in Malaya did not sound so dim and remote in oriental Colombo as they did in Whitehall, Ottawa, and Pretoria. Not a few of the King's representatives feared, however, that the shareholders' meeting might have to admit to a bankruptcy of ideas. There would be agreement on the perils and difficulties, but how were they to agree on such questions as the recognition of Red China, and on a general, co-ordinated line of action?



Percy Claude Spender

It was the little man from Sydney who saved the day at Colombo. Spender had taken to Colombo a comprehensive proposal for a Commonwealth attack upon the low living standards of Southeast Asian countries. These low living standards were the breeding ground of discontent and disruption, and therefore of Marxism. British nations with interests in Asia should demonstrate their readiness to act in collaboration, he said. They mightn't be able to accomplish very much, but they would at least prove their good faith and encourage Washington to join them.

Spender proposed that every Commonwealth nation should provide what it could in the way of food, machinery, technical aid, and moral support for the democratic forces of Southeast Asia. Opportunities for investment of capital in such key countries as the United States of Indonesia should be taken up not solely on their economic merits but also with an eye to their political effects. Finally, a Commonwealth consultative committee of Ministers should meet later in Australia to devise practical means of getting the plan under way.

The "Spender Plan" has been taken up eagerly by Brittain. To a Britain that is strongly aware of its diverse obligations and economic limi-

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tations, it seems a laudable and convenient means of achieving something positive in the East, under the leadership of a grown-up Commonwealth partner which in the last ten years has demonstrated a virile and adult consciousness of its responsibilities. The present delicate political balance of the British Labour Government, which makes it risky to allow any Minister to travel overseas, is an added reason for leaving leadership in the East to Australia.

It is to such accidents of timing, as well as to his own forcefulness, that Percy Spender owes his reputation. It was possibly due to the sarcasm of a knowing, though cynical, Australian jounalist, Dr. Peter Russo (who said, "Why not call it the 'Spender Plan,' Percy?"), that a somewhat plagiarized economic scheme won a personal title. Spender himself is not given credit for originating the full proposal. Informed Australians believe that that particular honor should go to Sir Bertram Stevens, a former Premier of New South Wales. Of the same political color as the Liberal (but not very liberal) Spender, Stevens has made a study of Far Eastern economics for many years, and given much practical thought to the double purpose of countering Communism and finding outlets for Australian investment capital.

Whoever its author may be, there is no doubt whatever that the increasing prestige of the Spender Plan, and its chances of being put effectively into action, are an achievement that nobody will try to take from the hard-working Australian Minister. In a brief span of office Spender has shown himself capable of pursuing very ambitious objectives with just as much drive as his predecessor, Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt. The dynamic Australia-first policies of Dr. Evatt are, in other words, likely to be perpetuated, with variations of emphasis, in the carefully manicured hands of his immediate successor.

Few people had expected Australia's new Prime Minister, Robert Gordon Menzies, to appoint Spender to his increasingly vital office. A more popular choice would have been Richard G. Casey, a former British Minister in the Middle East and a Governor of Bengal, a man of considerably more international background. Spender had been Army Minister in Menzies's earlier Cabinet of 1940-1941. His habitual cockiness, allied with a certain rashness of public statement, had at that stage won for him the mocking nickname of "the Baron of Bardia," on the grounds of a much-publicized visit to Australian troops in the Middle East. It was at this stage also that Spender, quite innocently, gave his Labour Party opponents an opportunity for ridicule which they have never since been disposed to neglect. It was one of Spender's functions as Army Minister formally to approve military promotions. One promotion list contained his own name—he was in the Army reserve. "The man who promoted himself to colonel" is still an effective, if monotonous, jibe in Australia's playful House of Representatives. And it is used all the more freely because of Spender's own malicious wit at the expense of others.

As a parliamentary point-scorer Spender has few equals in Australia, and nobody has suffered so much because of his edged tongue as Dr. Evatt. Spender's line generally was that Evatt, through his fierce independence in the United Nations, was pushing his own

personal career at the expense of Australian and British interests. Evatt was the Menzies-Spender party's favorite target, and the most lethal projectiles were generally launched by Spender, but not always were the criticisms intellectually effective, and not often did the future Minister rise above the level of party politics.

It appears ironical to many Australians, for whom Evatt's lapses of dignity detracted from his undoubted capacities, that the nation's foreign policy should now be in the hands of an anti-Evattian with comparable characteristics. Spender is one of those Australians who have little trouble displaying a tough front despite a graceful, well-padded home life. The home picture is a charming one: an immaculately dressed and financially independent father of two, a tasteful house in Sydney's smart Bellevue Hill, and a sympathetic wife who writes mystery stories that are usually concerned with refined murders among the best people. The political picture is something of a contrast: a brash, straight-talking "good fellow" who likes a drink and the great Australian obscene adjective, an honest-to-God party politician with an infectious eagerness and self-confidence, and a transparent determination to put himself on the map in a large way.

Some of these characteristics are serviceable, indeed inevitable, in knock-about Australian politics. Others are refreshing in a Commonwealth Minister who, in the coming months, is going to have much to do with gentlemen from Westminster and Whitehall whose urgencies are too often camouflaged in impeccable politeness. It may well be that Spender's robustness of outlook and shrewd sense of opportunity will carry him far along the road his old enemy Evatt has done so much to chart out.

One paradox in the Spender policy is worthy of study in both Washington and London. It is the very deliberate emphasis on closer relations with the United States. ("Australia would like the same relationship with America as she has with the rest of the British Commonwealth.") It is not hard to recall circumstances in which a similar stress by Spender's opponents at home would have earned his fine, patriotic indignation.

The origin of this new drive for closer American contacts is twofold. First, Australia feels, and is entitled to feel, more nervous about Communist advances in the Far East (its Near North) than most other Commonwealth countries. It has a growing fear that a new world holocaust would entail much more than the last war's Japanese nibbling at its frontiers. And Spender is expressing a nearly national viewpoint when he suggests that Australian security is closely bound up with American willingness to under-

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take economic, political, and, if necessary, military obligations in the Pacific. I have it on Spender's own authority that this thought is a major factor in his aid-for-Asia plan. Spender believes that American participation is essential for its success. He will do his best to bring the Americans in, and even to make them senior partners in his pet project.

The second reason for Australia's American orientation is possibly more mundane. The new Australian Government is eager to encourage American investment in Australia, to increase revenue from dollar exports, and to use the dollars for the purchase of development equipment and other capital goods.

In a recent dispatch from Canberra, the London *Times* declares that all these are admittedly very laudable objects, but adds: "It is, however, a question of practical politics whether it is possible, as Mr. Spender suggests, to establish the same relationships with Washington as with Whitehall and simultaneously maintain a close-knit British Commonwealth at a time when, as never before, all portents point to the need of husbanding the strength and integrating the economic resources of the Commonwealth."

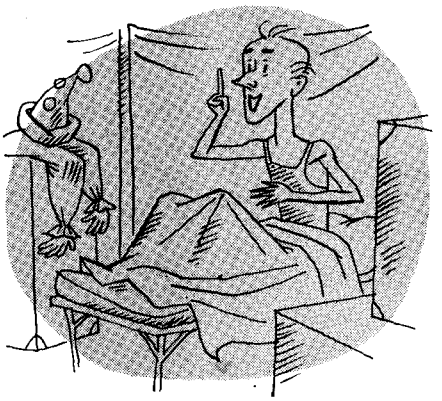
Time will show whether the practical Mr. Spender can reconcile the two points of view, both of which he holds, in an intensely and self-consciously British country, without any obvious embarrassment. It is in any case certain that the dualism of his policy can be more easily maintained by the Liberals than it could have been by a Labour Party that was more vulnerable to charges of unpatriotic behavior.

Also, a good deal more "realism" is expected from Spender than was revealed by Evatt. There will be less emphasis on the United Nations—"though Australia will continue to apply the principles of the Charter in its own foreign policy"—and far more vigorous, positive efforts to grapple, at home and abroad, with Communism, which, for Spender and his colleagues, is Hate No. 1.

The Sydney Conference this month will help to indicate whether little Percy Claude Spender is a big enough man to attain his grand objective.

—Douglas Brass

The (Too) Big Show



Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, 1950 Edition. *New York City and Points North, South, East, and West.*

It is a little embarrassing for a grown-up to write about the circus. The circus is, supposedly, the particular province of childhood; the adult who approaches it is therefore expected to adopt one or another standard attitude and style. He can be arch and whimsical in the manner of J. M. Barrie, self-consciously aesthetic like Jean Cocteau, or tiredly vivacious like the succession of unfortunate working newspapermen who have covered the circus annually for the last seventy years or so. Whatever his attitude, he must, in his own manner, be enthusiastic. Children are enthusiastic about the circus, aren't they?

The unrhetorical answer to this rhetorical question is a qualified "No." Children are excited and proud to be permitted to attend a spectacle that apparently gives so much excitement to their elders. They are also bewildered, sometimes frightened, and frequently fatigued to boredom, if their expressions after the show are any clue. The plain truth is that the circus is an adult show, geared to the somewhat jaded tastes of the most overentertained nation on earth. It is a show for people accustomed to symphony orchestras accompanying love scenes, to scented perfume advertising, to commentators who feed us the news and our reaction to it in one capsule. It is no coincidence that for the past several years "The Greatest Show on Earth" has been staged by John Murray Anderson, a former producer of New York musical comedies and night-club shows. There is nothing wrong with this, but the worlds of Billy Rose and Tom Sawyer are, as mathematicians say, incommensurable.

All the above applies especially to the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, and to a lesser extent to

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the other "three-ring circuses" that imitate the Big Show. It does not apply in any great force to the smaller tent shows that keep alive the genuine circus tradition and play precarious seasons in muddy lots outside of towns having less than twenty-five thousand population.

The true, and great, circus tradition blends four basic forms of human entertainment: the clown, the acrobat, the performing animal, and the pretty girl. Potentially, performers rate in that order as far as entertainment value goes. But in the Greatest Show, etc., the order is scrambled—certainly the clowns are pushed far into the background. The reason, or at least one reason, is that there are so many clowns that they get fatally in one another's way. Clowning, or any acting, comic or tragic, depends on the establishment of an accord between the clown and his audience. If there are forty clowns in the ring there are not forty accords; there is not even one.

The One Hundred Pantomimic Pranksters who Pursue Their Capricious Calling in this year's Display 15, therefore, resort to a technique that is cartooning rather than clowning. Each of them, alone or in a small group, spends weeks or months developing a single broad visual gag with which he hopes to capture the attention of a small fraction of the audience for a small fraction of the time that he is in the ring.

These gags can be typified by the classic small automobile which disgorges dozens of clowns and their livestock. This has always been funny and always will be, but properly it should be only an incident and not an entire performance. Grock or the Fratellinis by themselves could hold an audience helpless with laughter for twenty minutes at a stretch. A Ringling clown is lucky if he can manage to get a single hurried laugh from a few individuals whose eyes are already moving away from him.

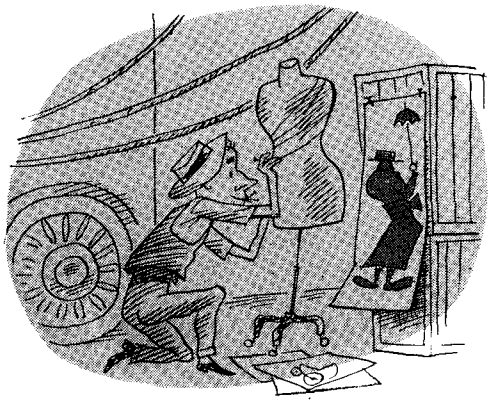
Even the featured clowns of the show, Paul Jung, Guti, and Lou Jacobs, who are excellent, must share the stage with twenty or thirty unspotlit, but highly visible, roustabouts who are busy arranging the rigging for the acts to follow. The clowns' effectiveness is lessened by the very bigness of the big show. Even the most hilarious pantomime is bound to be considerably diluted by the time it reaches the back rows of Madison Square Garden.

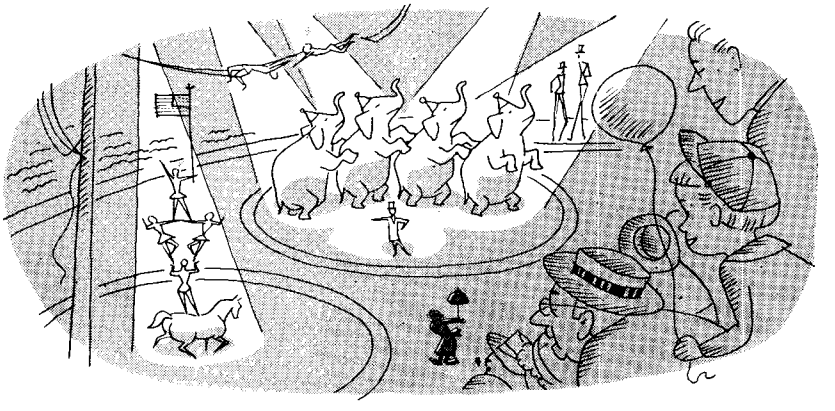
This brings up the organic flaw in the Greatest Show on Earth. The classical circus is the one-ring circus where one thing happens at a time, or where, if there are more performers than one, their actions are carefully integrated. This is still the form of the European circus, and few children *or* adults leave a good European circus unenthusiastic. But Phineas T. Barnum, or some other American genius of enlargement without improvement, elected to multiply the number of rings into confusion. Whoever the genius was, he did not understand the simple arithmetic of entertainment. Three troupes of bareback riders are about one-third as effective as one troupe, even if all the performers are superlative; and five wire-walkers or trapeze teams may take five times as many chances as one, but they are less than five times as thrilling to watch. In fact, about the only advantage of the multiple-ring circus is the multiplication that occurs at the box office.

It would be unfair and ungrateful to the artists to end a carping review of the Big Show's New York première without mentioning some of the wonderful things to be seen by an observer with only two eyes: Albert Rix's bears, particularly the little black one that stood on its head, the impossibly tall brown one walking like a drunken baby, and most of the troupe sliding enthusiastically down playground slides. The quarter-pint bareback rider, Cucciola. The Guti gorilla act—lovely clowning. Unus, balancing negligently on one forefinger. Luciana and her waltzing horse. Baptiste Schreiber being flipped to an elephant's back by another elephant stomping on the end of a seesaw. Leon de Rousseau, doing a back flip forty feet down to an inadequate mattress. Pinito del Oro on the trapeze. And Francis Brunn, perhaps not the Greatest Juggler of the Ages, but a good stand-in.

The circus adjective-men reserved their best efforts for Display 7, "When Dreams Come True," which gave me one of the few cases of claustrophobia ever recorded in Madison Square Garden. Verbatim, my notes read: "terrible overexcitation of tenor and baritone by amplifier; comic strips ending with a 'dream of democracy'—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln all on horses ending with large Old Glory, elephants, Martians, and, to top if off, 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

That rather typifies the big show: overamplified dreams, comic strips, elephants, incoherent and commercialized patriotism—enough talent for five shows, but not enough imagination for one. —CHRISTOPHER GEROULD





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As Others See Us

U.S. Films—Risky Exports

I am a British motion-picture critic, and have been one for a quarter of a century. During that time I have seen innumerable American movies, and have learned a great deal about the scenery, the language, the history, and the way of life in the United States.

For a long time, I cherished my ideas of America. Before the war, I used to promise myself regularly each year, "*This* summer, if I can save up enough money, I shall go to America." I studied travel folders and even road maps with longing. But the war came and changed all that. Now the war has been over for years, and oddly enough, I no longer have any violent inclination to make the trip.

I blame this almost entirely on Hollywood, which seems to me to be damaging American prestige abroad in a way that should make every statesman in Washington shudder. It is ironic that the United States should have spent millions of dollars to counteract Soviet or fascist propaganda, when the most dangerous propaganda of all is pouring out of California.

Hollywood films, since the war, have reached an all-time low in content, taste, and treatment. For months I have not seen a Hollywood film approaching even the lower Grade-A stuff of the middle 1930's. Most of the scripts are dreadful. The performances consist of either tired tricks—strokes and touches broken off a hundred earlier performances and perfunctorily pasted together into a new assembly—or painful exhibitions by young stars who haven't begun to learn acting. Directing, as an art, appears to have almost entirely disappeared, and the use of color seems to get cruder and cruder. But most serious of all is the impression of a frankly degenerate society that is being transmitted by Hollywood day after day. If this way of life is really the way of life in postwar America, then postwar America is not the place for me.

I see, on an average, four Hollywood movies a week. Let me give you an idea of what I am learning from them.

The average American citizen is born, generally prematurely, in a hospital, and once we are assured that father and child are doing well—father plays a far larger part on these occasions than mother—the child loses all significance until he reaches high school. Presumably, infants are pushed around in perambulators in America, and crawl under their parents' feet, and learn to toddle, but so far as we are concerned, during these appealing years they remain in purdah. Presumably also they learn their alphabet and go to kindergarten, but Hollywood, unlike Russia's film studios, which emphasize the early training of its citizens, leaves this period to the imagination.

This may seem a trivial point, but I am inclined to stress it, for small children are the least uneasy and most persuasive of ambassadors. I remember, a few months ago, looking at a cover of *The New Yorker* on which a schoolteacher was helping a group of infants struggle out of their coats and woolen hoods on a wintry day. It gave me quite a shock to realize that these pink-cheeked, breathless babes, having trouble with their mitts and mufflers, were Americans. This was something Hollywood had never shown me.

According to Hollywood, an American's life begins in high school. He goes there, not to study, but to neck. He doesn't bother with tedious subjects such as mathematics, Latin, French, or geography. He never reads a book. Let it be observed in passing that foreigners who take their information from Hollywood are convinced that nobody in America, at any time of life, really *reads*. There are no books lying about in movie homes. College students carry books, it is true, but never open them; they are simply props, to be dropped at the right moment, or handed over to the right beau. Movie heroes *write* books, we are told, and even make

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fortunes at it, but in view of their training, we can't imagine how.

The diet of the average American is fixed from an early age at ice cream and cake. It stays that way until he changes to Old-Fashioneds and Scotch. It is his peculiar etiquette never to finish a drink, just as it is his privilege to stub out cigarettes (which cost us over half a dollar a package) after one puff. Solid food is wasted on him, for, aside from gnawing a chicken leg from the icebox after midnight, he rarely eats. The most Lucullan meals are wheeled in on carts, spurned, and wheeled out.

What time the average young American citizen has to spare from necking and be-bopping, he—or more particularly she—seems to spend in acquiring clothes. This, I must admit, is sheer surmise, for we never see the way wardrobes are built up. Nevertheless, since no costume is worn more than twice, no mending is done, no frocks are made over, no accessory is wrong, we must suppose that personal shopping accounts for a considerable turnover of money and occupies a great many man- and woman-hours. This is made possible, of course, because all Americans—except the underprivileged, who get themselves into jail sooner or later—are immensely rich. The odd thing is that no father in America appears to think it worth while spending money on his son's or daughter's vocation.

According to Hollywood, every young man or woman interested in a serious career has to leave home and train for it the hard way. The young American who wants to become a doctor, or an architect, or a pianist, or a lawyer, has incredible financial difficulties. This seems odd to us in Europe, where parents put their children's future first, even if it means going without mink coats forever.

Mind you, I don't blame the American parent for keeping the children as far away as possible from the law, either as a victim or a practical operative. From what we have been taught about American law, it is brutal in its lower ranks and corrupt in its higher. Except for a few bighearted Irish flatfeet, the cops, when not bald-headed and ludicrous, are frankly sadistic. There is nothing they enjoy more than slapping a man across the face, or grilling him in a strong light until he sweats, and they spend happy night after happy night at this.

Policemen are not corrupt, but attorneys are—as corrupt as hell—almost as corrupt as Senators. District attorneys are the worst of the lot, although for some curious reason assistant district attorneys appear virtuous enough. I must admit that I have never heard a word against a judge. Judges, like band leaders and psychiatrists, seem to be beyond reproach.

The implicit trust in the psychiatrist is one of the things that moviegoers abroad find it hardest to understand about postwar America. *We* have psychiatrists over here too, of course, but the ordinary citizen doesn't think of using them. Maybe, you will say, he would be a darn sight better if he did; but the fact remains he doesn't. And he looks with wonder and a kind of embarrassment, as if he had been invited to a cocktail party in a zoo, at film after film in which some smart psychiatrist lays a patient down in a darkened room, listens to his life story in flashback, and fixes everything up by discovering that his father once threw a coffee cup at his mother during an after-dinner tantrum.

It seems to us, on our old-fashioned little island, that in America psychiatry is beginning to take the place of common sense, conscience, religion, hygiene, education, and the most elementary principles of good behavior. Anyway, that is the picture as Hollywood paints it.

I wonder if the answer to all this isn't that Hollywood is the patient that needs the psychiatrist. I wonder if it is not suffering from a dreadful disease compounded of remoteness, riches, near-blindness, and a secret inferiority complex because it can never be a normal town filled with normal people. And I wonder if it is not shuffling off onto America the responsibility for symptoms it doesn't dare admit to.

If I were an American citizen and had noted the effect of Hollywood propaganda abroad, I should be deeply distressed and very angry. Take the case of Hollywood's war films: a small point, but a painful one. Europe was in this war too, as a number of Americans who did their service over here will tell you. But Hollywood is ingeniously slipping the notion into millions of minds that anything that may have happened on this side of the world was quickly settled by an American G.I. and an American precision bomber. It is implied that the real, as opposed to the phony, war started with the attack on Pearl Harbor, and was confined to the Pacific and its environs. Does it ever

"Russia's carrying the cold war too far—now it's showing Hollywood films to its people!"

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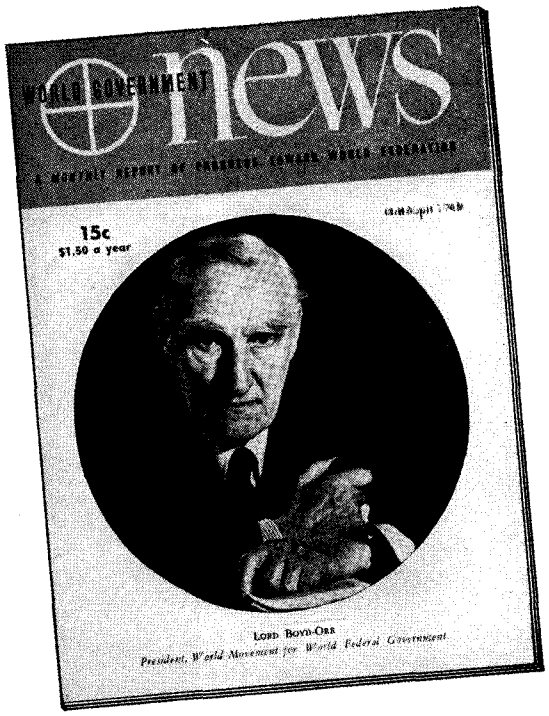
occur to them, I wonder, that these attitudes infuriate people who not only took a longer part in the actual fighting, but had to bear the full brunt of the war in their own countries and on their own persons?

Perhaps, at this point, I may mention one of the nastiest backhanders we have encountered over here in a long time. There was a Hollywood war film, and a good one, called "Twelve O'Clock High." It told the history of early daylight precision bombing by American "heavies" over Germany, and at one moment it introduced a line to the effect that the British had been fighting against odds for years, and it was up to the American crews to make an equal effort. That one line did more for "Twelve O'Clock High" in England than the whole of Gregory Peck's top-starred performance. Belatedly it was disclosed that the line had been inserted by Hollywood for export only.

Do you think we can feel very kindly toward an industry that suppresses facts deliberately, distorts truth into propaganda, and doesn't give its own people credit for knowledge, intelligence, or warmth of heart?

It is my theory, and nothing more, that the spate of brutalities in recent Hollywood pictures—ranging from the modern gangster story to the medieval costume piece—is a sort of inverse sublimation of the frustrated war years, which gave the overheated imaginations of Hollywood no chance for physical outlet. The same thing may be said to apply, I feel, to the "domestic-problem" pictures, with which an artificial society leading an almost nomadic home life makes a timid admission of the problem's existence; and to the films about the plight of the underprivileged, in which Hollywood apologetically recognizes the existence of people who have struggled up to adolescence without a couple of private bathrooms and a producer for a godfather.

I don't believe that all this smugness, all this vulgarity, all this rumpus, all this glibness, all this passing of the buck for the safekeeping of democracy is really characteristic of modern America. But millions of others will believe it, and I suggest to you, in all friendship, that Hollywood is a foreign agent whose credentials should be strictly re-examined. —C. A. LEJEUNE



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Books

Paste-Pot Reportage

SEEDS OF TREASON. *By Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. 270 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50.*

For better or for worse, the Hiss-Chambers Affair has become part of American folklore. Details which in themselves would be insignificant—a short trip to Peterborough, New Hampshire, some thirteen years back; a chintz bedspread; a hollowed-out pumpkin; a prothonotary warbler—are now items of household mythology.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who paid *Seeds of Treason* the compliment of a long and thoughtful review in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, reminds us that "Great political trials have a way of summing up and symbolizing the essential conflicts of the time." The rather sordid facts of the Hiss case have been heightened to broad political significance, at least in the minds of those who make it their business to look for and exploit broad political significance. In the heat of the controversy anyone who suggests that this heightening process not only oversimplifies "the essential conflicts of the time" but also adds extraneous complications to an already complex case generally finds himself dismissed as "pro-Hiss."

Since the conviction of Hiss at the end of his second trial, many of those who had previously declared their belief in his innocence have begun to think that they may have been wrong. That is understandable. But the jury's decision doesn't change *everything*, and it is not so easy to understand why competent critics and reviewers, caught up in the wave of popular opinion, should be afraid to identify *Seeds of Treason* as the potboiler that it is, simply because it is "pro-Chambers."

The book, advertised as "the true story of the Hiss-Chambers tragedy," provides a handy reference guide for those who failed to keep a scrapbook on the saga. The authors, two journalists who covered the trials, describe their own limitations cogently when they state in their preface that "The one-dimensional reporting of a daily paper and the two-dimensional recapitulation of a news magazine cease to be effective in what is fundamentally a four-dimensional, organic phenomenon." Readers who are familiar with the case will look in vain for any new insights into the enigmas which remain dark despite the conviction of Hiss at the end of the second trial.

Telling the story pretty much as Assistant District Attorney Tom Murphy told it in the courtroom, the authors have pasted together bits and scraps of superficial biographical data and deceptively edited excerpts from the volumes of testimony.

The dice are loaded for Chambers all the way through *Seeds of Treason*. Chambers "was a quiet, intense boy who lived closely within himself," while Hiss "from his very early days . . . showed signs of an overweening desire to get ahead." Library books which, Chambers admitted under cross-examination, he was accused of stealing, the authors say he "borrowed . . . without taking the librarian into his confidence." Chambers married "a slender, dark-haired girl," while Hiss married "a primly attractive, headstrong girl—full of aggressions, snobbish ambitions, unformulated desires, and an acidulous wit." Chambers's "sense of social responsibility was blunted by a personal tragedy when his younger brother Richard committed suicide," but he emerged from the travail a better and a finer man; Hiss, on the other hand, was bequeathed a "streak of tragic morbidity" by the two suicides in his family. "The ideal of a planned economy appealed to" Chambers; Hiss tagged along after men "who affected a kind of Fabian socialism."

And on the most important point of all, Chambers moved naturally, inevitably, and almost laudably toward Communism as "a moral solution for a world of moral confusion." As to why "popular," "brilliant," "slightly stuffy" Alger Hiss became a Communist, the authors of *Seeds of Treason* offer no explanation, beyond a poetic reference to Priscilla Hiss as his "Eumenides." (It would surely have been more appropriate to identify the Greek avenging Furies with Chambers rather than with the defendant's wife.)

At one point where they are quoting from testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the authors have left out, without using the conventional three dots to indicate a break, the assurance of Representative Richard M. Nixon of California that what Hiss had just said to the committee would not be revealed to the public. Needless to say, it was.

Two chapters on Elizabeth Bentley and one on a man named Robert Switz, which have little or nothing to do with the Hiss-Chambers case, have been inserted, perhaps to lengthen the book.

In order to give their somewhat sketchy recital of familiar material a moral, the authors have superimposed a voice-of-doom tone of urgency. Admitting that "Hiss moves through these pages thinly," they have nothing but praise in their hearts for the man who rejected Communism because of the treason trials of Zinoviev and Kamenev, and then embraced American democracy by offering the gift of a treason trial, and whose expiation of his own guilt was accomplished by accusing others. ("My work is finished . . ." said Chambers after the second trial.) The authors extol Chambers as one "with the strength and the inner resources to accept consciously an ordeal not by flame but by mire,"

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and they fervently hope that "the verdict . . . will encourage others to step forward, giving us an opportunity to dig up a few more seeds of treason before they have spread their roots too far." If someone in the audience will hit the sawdust trail right away, there may be a sequel to *Seeds of Treason* before the next election. It could be entitled *Seeds of Disunity.*

Seeds of Treason follows the straight comic-strip formula of good-man-versus-bad-man. The opposing teams line up in orderly fashion: Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, and the authors on one side; and Hiss, Harry Dexter White, and the State Department on the other. According to this interpretation, the "reaction of the Harvard cheering section which rooted for Hiss . . . explains much, including the State Department's suicidal China policy which turned over half of Asia to the Communists." Some readers will be surprised to learn that in the general dividing of sheep from goats, of black from white, the late Harry Dexter White, whom the authors hold responsible for the Morgenthau Plan for the pastoralization of Germany, has been unequivocally classified as black. A sentence from one of several memoranda which "the FBI can prove . . . are in White's handwriting" goes, " 'The Secretary [Morgenthau] is reading *Red Star Over China* and seems to find it very interesting.' " To the authors of *Seeds of Treason* this is "seriously incriminating."

The error of John Foster Dulles in taking on Hiss at the Carnegie Endowment is viewed with regret but understanding. Judge Goddard, who presided at the second trial, is let off with an admonition that he was "impartial to a fault."

With an appeal of the case scheduled for the fall and with the very strong probability that it will go on to the Supreme Court after that, we shall undoubtedly be treated to many more "true stories" of the Hiss-Chambers tragedy. Alistair Cooke, an extremely perceptive reporter, is said to be doing a book on the subject; he can hardly fail to improve upon *Seeds of Treason.*

Whatever "the true story of the Hiss-Chambers tragedy" may actually be, it obviously runs too deep to be brought out in either a courtroom or a slapdash piece of journalism.

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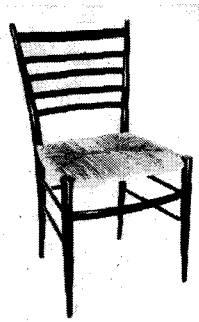

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To Man's Measure . . .

Léon Blum

'Selflessness and Nobility'

Each time that a man leaves us who has held high office and caused bitter controversy, I marvel how swiftly death assigns him his true rank. What are left of all the insults hurled at Léon Blum throughout almost half a century? They came from *L'Action Française* on the Right, from *L'Humanité* on the Left, and heaven knows he received his full share of them. It is true that in one way he attracted them —he brought them on himself. For through all his life he remained what he had been from the start: the young Jewish boy at the head of the class—inevitably irritating to the dull.

Once considered the aesthete of the extreme Left, "revolutionary with the pearl-gray gloves," as Léon Daudet used to call him, Blum was always odious to the conservative and anti-Semitic French bourgeois of the early 1900's. He was in his own way something of a racist himself. Did he believe the Jewish people to be apart from and above all others? In 1914, André Gide thought he did. There is this entry in Gide's *Journals:* "Blum views the Jewish race as superior and destined, after long domination, to dominate; he thinks it his duty to work toward this triumph, to make every effort to bring it about."

If at this time I bring up Léon Blum's predilection for his people, it is not with any wish to fan the flames of spent controversy; on the contrary, my purpose is to show what prejudices he had to overcome before he could stand on those serene heights from which he rose into the light of an eternity he foresaw. At the time of his death Blum still had adversaries, but, except for the Communists, he had no enemies. His life was one of those few, those very few, that seem to rise gradually but uninterruptedly in a constant process of perfection. Henri de Régnier's sinister aphorism, "Merely to live, degrades," does not apply to Léon Blum.

This Socialist was also a humanist, and the fact would have been cause enough for the Stalinists to abhor him, even had their hatred not been inspired by his political action, which hindered their attempt to dominate the working classes. A statesman whose aim, as a Marxist, was to change the face of the world, yet one who refused to abandon the spiritual inheritance of the western world, was of course the embodiment of all that Stalinism proposed to destroy. Dedicated to belief in the individual, furthering the individual's right to follow his own conscience, yet simultaneously

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proclaiming himself revolutionary and Marxist, Blum could only seem an impostor to the Stalinists. For they are convinced that they will not transform the world until they have cut man from his past, uprooted his faith in God and his love of country.

Even that is not enough, they think: They believe that they can accomplish nothing until they have changed man physically. That is the real sense of Stalin's excommunication of Mendel and the blessing given to Michurin. For Michurin grants science the power of modifying the rules of heredity and thereby makes possible the creation of a malleable human type, a man that can be adapted to any given purpose, an instrument to serve the needs of the totalitarian Soviet state.

The miracle of Blum's life is this: It was not despairingly that he left us, and a world filled now to the brim with horror and convinced that all it has witnessed is nothing compared with what is to come. For (in a horrid oversimplification) the threat now is to both spirit and matter: Soviet genetics would destroy the person; atomic invention the planet. Yet, until the very end, Léon Blum believed in the eternal truths. The light which throughout his life had reached him only as reflected in the creations of man's genius, now, as he neared death, seemed to illuminate his spirit directly.

In the last pages of his recent book, *A l'Echelle Humaine,* Blum spoke of Socialism, of his kind of Socialism, and of Catholicism. He admitted that between the two there was "a parallelism of aim, a possibility for joint effort, at the very least a certain affinity." Had it depended on Blum only, and on such Catholics as Emmanuel Mounier, whose death preceded Blum's by only a few days, a great "social" party might have been created. It could have freed France from the war of its factions.

But when Léon Blum was in power, the opportunity was lost—not through his fault, but because he was caught between a stubborn, intransigent Right and Communist allies who betrayed him. It was in defeat that he showed his true greatness. He did not give way to bitterness. He did not argue the failure of man's destiny from the failure of one generation.

André Gide once more returns to Blum in the last volume of the *Journals*

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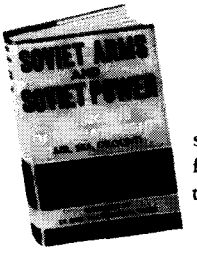

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(January, 1948): "It is strange to observe," he writes, "that between the Jew and the Christian it is on Blum's side that one finds and recognizes the virtues of hope and faith. But I have rarely found in a Christian so great a selflessness and nobility."

The case of Léon Blum reminds us that man's life can be ennobled, and that, in spite of all defeats, it remains till the very end a contest we are free to win. —François Mauriac

Note on the Bourgeois

In his tribute to Léon Blum, François Mauriac uses the word "bourgeois": The bourgeois, he writes, hated Blum. Since the purpose, fully realized, of his article is to show that Blum was not "odious," it follows that the bourgeois is hateful. Mauriac's somber novels make the same point: In a closed, incestuous world of his own the bourgeois lives smothered beneath a dark canopy of vices inherent in his state—avarice, pride, and possessiveness. Escape from the prison of self-interest is possible through love, but into this bourgeois world love brings too sharp a light, illuminating long-tolerated horrors, breaking through the hypocrisy that habitually conceals them, causing thereby crisis and catastrophe.

But the fact is that Léon Blum was a bourgeois; François Mauriac is a bourgeois. This paradox is only superficial. The long quarrel about the bourgeois has always been a family quarrel.

The trouble is that the scales were always weighted; only the critics were audible. It was as if the European middle classes were like the American South—too many of the brightest people they produced left home to achieve their careers elsewhere, forgetting that no matter where they went their genius drew nourishment from their roots. So that Baudelaire would not have thought of himself as the bourgeois he was—or Poe for that matter—and gradually a whole literature criticizing the bourgeois was written by bourgeois who thought that all evil was embodied in a class—their own—when, in fact, they were moralists looking in dismay at man himself.

That is what made their best books great and gave greatness, also, to a period of European history during which the bourgeois was the dominant element in society. "The stupid nineteenth century," Léon Daudet, another bourgeois, called it contemptuously. But, freed from the *ancien régime,* although nourished by it, the European bourgeois, during the richly productive nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, created the society, our society, that is now in peril. The least one can say of that creation is that it brought with it an extraordinary freedom to think. Constantly accused of tyrannizing through its remarkable reserves of smug incomprehension, it permitted or provoked an individualism so extreme as to contain perhaps the seeds of the ruin which threatens it now. There were always too many people saying: "This is my house, these are my books, this is my fire by which I sit in my chair"; or, "This is my factory and now I shall close it down"; or, "There will always be the poor." The feeling for the community was not strong; noticeably, the conviction that the individual cannot advance save hand in hand with other individuals was absent.

The more one looks back at the period of the bourgeois—for already in many countries of Europe it is a question of looking back—the more one sees that all its essential defects and vices could easily be introduced, and given immensely greater violence, into any of the forms of society that now threaten to replace it. Mauriac thinks it natural for the bourgeois to hate Blum, and he sees, of course, that it would be even more natural for the totalitarian state to detest him. The chief difference may be simply that in the bourgeois period Blum died a natural death. But Mauriac's reference to the bourgeois suggests something else: that the virtues of the period would not so easily survive. This is no place to list them.

One way to recognize these virtues is to remember the bourgeois revolutionaries in France and their long effort to show man as he is. But when you think of them and how harsh they were to their own, it is useful to remember also the French painters of the period—to think perhaps of the Manet picture of the sailboat, with the gentleman, and his lady—carefully veiled against the sun—drifting down the Seine. For in the bourgeois world there were also moments of calm.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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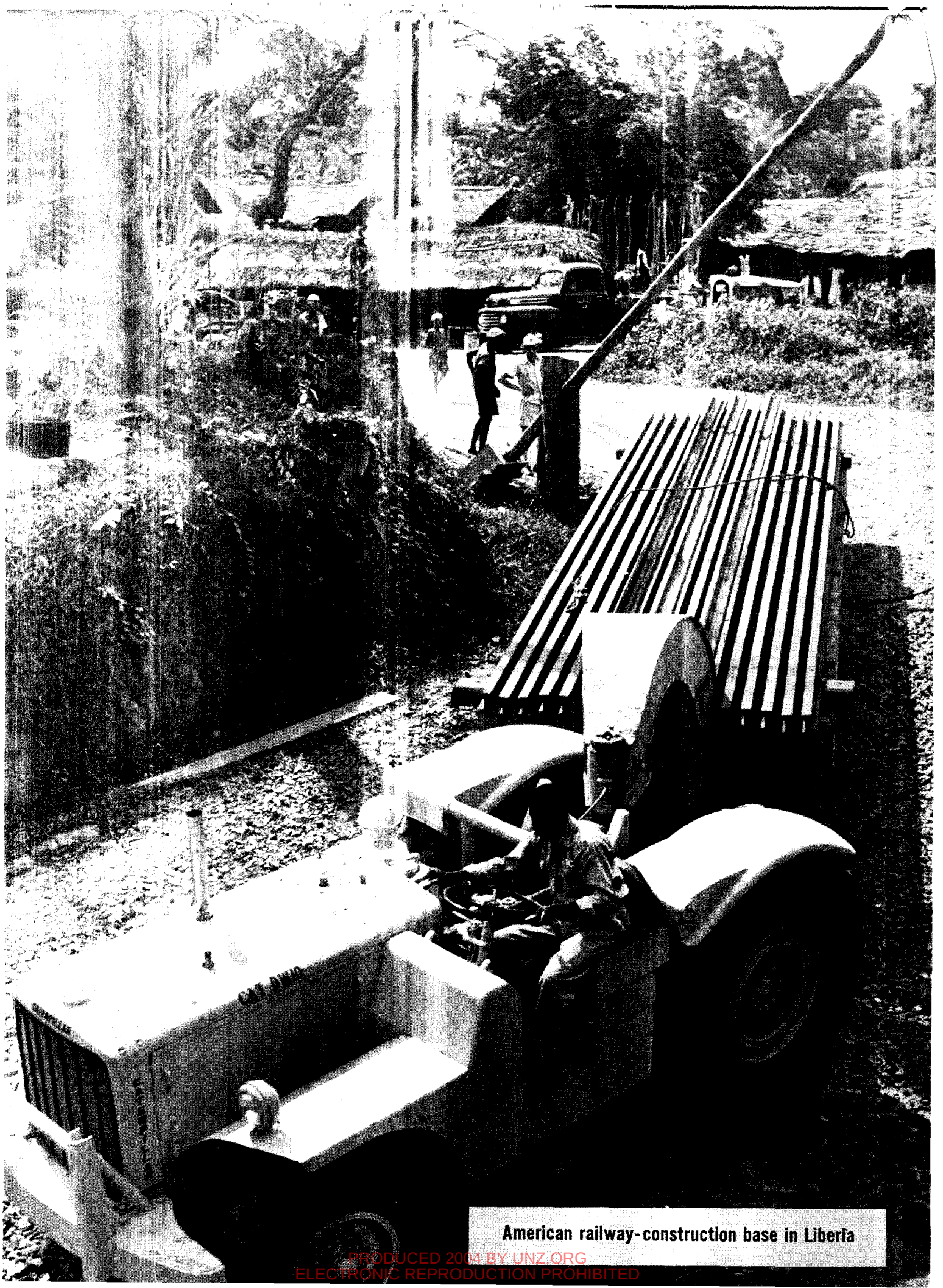

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